



DRAMATIC POEMS
SONGS & SONNETS

BY

DONALD ROBERTSON

Actor



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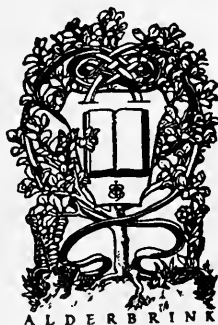


DRAMATIC POEMS SONGS & SONNETS

BY

DONALD ROBERTSON

ACTOR



SEYMOUR, DAUGHADAY & COMPANY
FINE ARTS BUILDING CHICAGO ILL.

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1915

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To
MRS. HAROLD F. McCORMICK
The
Gracious, Gentle, and Generous
This Book
Is Humbly Dedicated
by
Her Servant



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DRAMATIC POEMS



DRAMATIC POEMS

THE DUSTY ROAD



UNDONICHIE is fair to see,—
Hold on to Truth, hold fast to
Truth,—
And there lived golden-haired Marie,
A wind-blown bud of melody,
On the dusty road to Paradise.

The tender lines of girlish grace,—
Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
Were in her figure, and her face
Was wistful Beauty's resting place,
On the dusty road to Paradise.

The hopeful Springtime's crisp delight,—
Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
The peace of gloaming Autumn's night,
Lay in her eyes, so calm and bright,
On the dusty road to Paradise.

She was a thing of joy complete,—
Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
From open forehead to her feet
That tripped to Nature's rhythmic beat,
On the dusty road to Paradise.

A lonely shepherd years before,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
When searching in the stars for lore
Had found a Gipsy by his door,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

A tawny fearless Gipsy maid,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
Had from her roving comrades strayed,
And there for shelter begged and prayed,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

The shepherd took the Gipsy in,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
She came from where his thoughts had been,
The far-off East that first knew Sin,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

He gave her cakes and milk of goat,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
He watched her throbbing breast and throat,
And mystic love his man's heart smote,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

She thanked him when her dark eyes smiled,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
She fell asleep on sheepskins piled
Before his fire, a woman-child,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

Lost in his thoughts till crow-o'-cock,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
The shepherd sat, then turned the lock,
And went afield to tend his flock,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

His ewes and lambs he thought of least,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 The Sun and She came from the east,
 To warm his heart, his Soul to feast,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

His round he made, then hastened home,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 Beneath a faint rose-tinted dome
 Of dawn, to say, "Maid no more roam"
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

He plucked some wild flowers as he sped,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 He proffered and she chose the red,
 And wove them round her raven head,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

E'en younger than her daughter now,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 He kissed her eyelids and her brow,
 And each to each made mutual vow,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

In due time came God's gift, Marie,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 To make a perfect family,
 Of three in one, and one of three,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

The child grew up as Nature willed,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 The mother's restless blood was stilled,
 The shepherd's cup of joy was filled,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

The years flew by like startled fawns,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
And left the child's face like the dawn's,
The mother's like a dream in bronze,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

Long nights and sombre indoor days,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
Would find the shepherd, silent, gaze
Into the Spirit's mystic maze,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

These hours the Gipsy would beguile,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
With legends first told by the Nile,
Of gods, and mortals, love and wile,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

How Luna roams untouched by fears,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
For hosts of stars with shining spears
Attend on her where she appears,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

Then when one winter's snow lay deep,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
The shepherd babbling of his sheep,
Closed his cold eyes in his long sleep,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

The Gipsy fain would then depart,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
But Marie tethered by the heart
Held back, and would not, could not start,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

A dowie year and more dragged by,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 With longings smothered in a sigh
 And dim forebodings hanging nigh,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

Then in the second summer time,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 A Minstrel with his careless rhyme
 Came singing from a distant clime,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

He tuned his harp and then would sing,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 Of hate that dies by its own sting,
 Of Love that conquers everything,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

The Gipsy's soul stirred in its lair,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 And Marie's face grew wondrous fair,
 As though a smile becalmed lay there,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

As bird to cooing mate-bird calls,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 By silv'ry sylvan waterfalls,
 He sang to Marie madrigals,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

And listening 'neath the summer moon,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 Her water-lily soul would swoon,
 Into the current of his tune,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

Abandoned to a heavenly mood,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
She only felt and understood
That life through him was very good,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

And lost in dreams of bliss, saw not,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
The Gipsy with fierce longings fraught,
The Gipsy with desire distraught,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

The Gipsy through whose veins at last,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
The pent up passion of the past
Pulsed like a fiery furnace blast,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

A surging, craving passion dire,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
A desecrating mad desire,
That burned like wild volcanic fire,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

The Minstrel, though the maid was blind,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
As if by lightning saw the mind,
That in the famished Gipsy pined,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

Between a blessing and a bane,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
The fairy-fabric of his brain
Stretched on the tenter-hooks of pain,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

And then alas! alas! ere long,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 He hovered between right and wrong,
 And lost the blessed gift of song,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

Then when a boding silence fell,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 The Gipsy with alluring spell,
 Drew him within the arms of hell,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

Meanwhile Marie both night and day,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 Was haunted by a vague dismay,
 And crept forth to the woods to pray,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

There in its deepest shadow place,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 Unseen, she saw the Minstrel's face,
 Within the Gipsy's warm embrace,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

For one brief biting moment saw,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 Then felt a numbing horror draw
 On her an avalanche of awe,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

She felt stunned, broken, chilled and choked,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 Sunk in such night as Egypt cloaked,
 And raven-like a Death-head croaked,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

For her the future, present, past,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
Was hopeless, hideous chaos vast,
Whereat the soul stood off aghast,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

As mute as marble was her breast,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
Until the sun with haze oppressed,
Blushed crimson in the vacant west,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

And then a grim thought came to her,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
Like child born in a sepulchre,
To be Fate's wrathful minister,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

What followed, Fate alone then knew,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
As in her brain a strange power grew,
Back to her father's house she flew,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

Saw the flushed Gipsy's glad proud look,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
Quick from the wall a dirk she took,
That hung beneath a shepherd's crook,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

Three swift footsteps the silence broke,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
And then a sure swift vivid stroke,
And, "Die," the only word she spoke,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

The Gipsy fell face-forward clean,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 Then Marie drove the dagger keen,
 Her own pure snow-white breasts between,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

The Minstrel rushed in, saw the whole,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 Heard Marie get of speech control,
 "I killed her body, she your soul,"
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

"Live on and be forever young,"—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 "Singing the unknown lands among,
 Unheeded, in an alien tongue,"
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

So said, she passed as all souls must,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 Pain, pleasure, passion, love and lust,
 Heaped in a little mound of dust,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

The Minstrel took two strands of hair,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 One golden, one black as despair,
 And wove them into harp-strings rare,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

Then wandered off to ways unknown,—
 Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,—
 Where songs of last year's birds have flown,
 And tares are reaped, and tears are sown,
 On the dusty road to Paradise.

'Tis said he joined in vales untrod
The fallen angels Eis-teddfod,
Away behind the back of God;
And sings through an eternal youth,
As his harp-strings sob to human sighs—
“Hold on to Truth, hold fast to Truth,
On the dusty road to Paradise.”

THREE CRONIES

THREE cronies met beside a casket cold,
And one was in his prime, one young, one old,
Two knew the corpse the casket did enfold.

Then said the eldest, who is named the Past,
“Around the maypole Hope he danced when last
I saw him with no cares o’ercast.”

The middle-aged surnamed the Present said,
“It seems but now he raised his eager head
To see Love go and fall back free and dead.”

The third, the Future, with veiled eyes made moan,
“I claim, although to me in life unknown
This dead Dream confined in a heart of stone.”

CHRISTOPHER HODGE

HE was all a mistake, a fellow I knew,
 From beginning to end, if you looked all
 through
 A life-record of times gone by,
 I have doubts if you found there so odd a case,
 As this fellow I knew, with a scholar's face,
 And whose life was a deep, long sigh.

Would you like me to tell what I know of him?
 It might raise up a pitying thought, tear-dim,
 Or perchance be counted a bore;
 No! I hope if it's that, you will say, "Enough",
 When you please, time is short, why waste it on stuff
 That kills time, and does nothing more.

To begin, I have heard that his birth was bane
 To his father, a man of old books; nor gain
 To his mother, unloved, unblessed,
 Who had plucked, in the dawn, from the flowers that
 grew
 By her way, and alas, not lillies but rue
 She had chosen to wear on her breast.

She had been but a poor light plaything of sin,
 Drifting down to the sea, the great sea, wherein
 Time's impurities all are lost.
 But I think she looked back, with a longing eye,
 To the pastures of peace she had left, Ai! ai!
 For the waves that are passion tossed.

Of his father, this much, be the rest forgot:
In a rebel moment of life, he begot
 The poor friend that I afterwards knew;
Then he burrowed for truth in his books again,
And he lost all compassion and touch with men,
 Aye, and lost himself, somehow, too.

The lad's age was eighteen when the father died,
The poor woman went out on an ebbing tide
 Before that, and Christopher Hodge
Was alone in the world with his mother's name,
And a crave for the pure, and a sense of shame,
 That had come in his soul to lodge.

At a school in the country he lived till then,
Where they taught him the use of his tongue and pen,
 Where they saw all the strength he lacked,
To supply, not develop, was their one way,
Some think it the best for the world's work-a-day,
 Being finite as any fact.

In the ignorant bliss of unthinking youth,
He came up to the city, and learned the truth
 Of his birth; like a lightning flash
It scorched hope in his soul and put out the sun,
For the future seemed all by the past undone,
 And the world round his ears a-crash.

"For what use? For what use is my life?" he cried.
And the devil, astride of his heart, replied,
 "To enjoy the sweet juice I wring
From the days that I pluck from the vine of Time;
So fill up a bumper, and drink deep, and rhyme
 Me a rhyme to the tune I sing."

Well, he drank and he danced till his young blood boiled,
 Every pleasure the body could give, despoiled,
 As he clutched at the hour's delight,
 Made a dash from himself, and with spurs of fire
 Dug the flanks of the courser he rode, Desire,
 Far into the shadow of night.

Rode on faster and faster, until at last
 He was thrown in the dark, with the hateful Past
 At his throat like a Nemesis,
 Reawakened from out of the Infinite,
 And refreshed for the sleep he had given it,
 On his face he could feel it hiss.

"Now, Sir Fool, you are mine, just to break or bend
 As I will, till the days of your life shall end,
 And the dust takes again its dust;
 Through the dim dismal glass of a might-have-been,
 You shall see afar off in a mist of sin,
 O'er the body of Love stands Lust."

For a space on his soul fell a clammy chill,
 And he shut his eyes tight, but the fiend was still
 By his side, saying, "You are mine,
 Through the low lying lands of despair and slush,
 I shall bid you laugh wildly, I'll bid you hush,
 What I will, you shall do, in fine."

As the goad that enrages a captive bull,
 Till its poor bursting brain with its blood is full,
 And its wild eyes glitter and shine,
 So the quick of his soul by that thought was touched,
 And he sprang to his feet and the fiend's throat clutched,
 And cried, "No! by God, you are mine."

And he wrestled and fought till his foe lay dead
At his feet, and alone in the dark, he said,
 "God help me," Then lo! in the east
There arose a Hope-herald, rose-crowned, with light
On its face, and with peace in its hand, and night,
 And the darkness of doubting, ceased.

Now I think it was then he found out this truth,
That he ought to have learned in his early youth,
 In the years that promise and pass,
That a shadow is but the effect of light,
But a stain may be like, yet is unlike quite,
 Aye, and different quite, alas!

But be that as it may, he took up his life
And he worked, though his works, swallowed up in strife,
 Seemed like still-born deeds of a dream;
For he met with a cynical smile and sneer,
In this age of thin varnish o'er thin veneer,
 In this age trying hard to seem.

Ere the hard hand of habit at last was laid
On his heart, and unchallenged he heard it said,
 "Starve on fancies, men live on facts,"
The old crave for the pure repossessed his soul,
And an unfulfilled feeling ran through the whole
 Cause and compass of all his acts.

He was not quite enough for himself you see,
And for such, a heart only can heart-help be,
 With respect tying Love's shoe-string.
So it chanced, he met a young maid, passing fair,
With dark-lined, peering eyes and a wealth of hair,
 And a mouth that might make sorrow sing.

And they loved each the other completely, well,
 In the circle Fate drew round their lives, a spell
 Of dream-bliss soothed and hallowed all;
 The fringe of a cloud is the gift of the Sun,
 So the light that lay round them seemed sent from One
 That doth mark e'en the sparrow's fall.

You might search o'er the earth, and no one, I ween,
 More contentedly glad, could by you be seen,
 Than was Christopher Hodge that day;
 When he called her his wife—his wife—Paradise
 Seemed to open before his bewildered eyes,
 And his thankful heart knelt to pray.

Here at last was the pure his own, very own,
 A fit jewel to gem the arm of the Throne,
 A glory, a gladness, for aye;
 And by day and by night he strove after grace,
 To be worthy to look on her pale, pure face,
 Hear her voice, soft as Love's own lay.

Every yearning his heart had was toward the good,
 To be rapt and entranced in a heavenly mood,
 To be near her his high Ideal;
 To have soul clasp the soul as the flesh had done,
 And be, past all Time's limits, entirely one,
 And be sure that that hope was real.

In the white heat of such an intense man's life,
 All she had been and was and should be, his wife
 Brooded over, it urged her on,
 Enticed her, compelled her to make herself known,
 To reveal, aye, though Heaven and earth should moan,
 What she was in her life's gray dawn.

In the shivering gloom of an autumn night,
She said, "Chris, I was not all you thought, a blight
 Smirched my life, in the days gone by;
Tears and prayers of repentance at last brought peace,
Till you came and believed in me; bid me cease
 To live on, but believe no lie."

The thud, thud of his heart, thud on thud repeat,
He could hear, and it seemed like the dull drum-beat
 Of the funeral march of Hope.
Then his eyes came from vacancy and said, "Live!"
And his lips, ashen white, said, "I—I forgive—
 To the light, to the light we grope."

And well nigh to a year, they trudged side by side
Up the hills to the Light, and in truth defied
 The grim thoughts that unasked would come
When o' nights they would sit and a silence fall,
And a ghost of the past write upon the wall,
 "You must think though ye both are dumb."

Then the tired woman sickened and turned her eyes
To the east, and a faint smile of sweet surprise
 Seemed to light up their filmy grey;
And her husband bent low, and she said—"One kiss,"
And then quietly, gently, "I loved you, Chris"—
 The next moment she went away.

For a day and a night he sat there alone
With his dead, like his dead turned all into stone,
 Dead to hope and to fear alike.
Then he rose and cried, "God! if a God there be,
Answer this, why you make me a mockery,
 Is there nothing Godlike to strike?"

“You shall not, by this knife in my clenched right
 hand,
 Try me more, I have striven to understand,
 But I cannot, this life of pain;
 Now I come—list! have mercy, and grant this prayer,
 All I ask, may we not know each other there,
 Only love, only love remain.”

He was all a mistake, from the first to last,
 As I said, and his work was as thin dust cast
 In the face of a fierce north gale;
 All a strange sad mistake from his very birth,
 And the passionate sun and the patient earth,
 Saw him struggle awhile and fail.

SIR EGO AND LADY THINE

I THINK it will end in a laugh,
You fear it will end in a sigh,
Meanwhile
With a smile
Let us quaff
A bowl to the dim bye-and-by.

Recalling the time that we met,
Forgetting what falls in between,
I seem
In a dream
To be set
Again at the feet of my Queen.

You smiled and revealed Heaven's grace,
Ere off on our separate ways
We went,
And content
For a space
Filled up my unquestioning days.

Indeed, in a nimbus of rest,
I lived as a Soul that had come
To wait
By the gate
Of the Blest,
For joy, satisfied to be dumb.

When after a year we were brought
By Fate face to face once again,

A shade
 That was made,
 So I thought,
 By doubt was upon your brow then.

Or was it a fancy of mine?
 Perhaps, either way I was made
 To feel
 I should kneel
 At the shrine,
 Where oft in my dreams I had prayed.

To kneel and confess all the love
 A man for a woman can feel,
 A wild
 Joy beguiled
 From above
 To come at the Soul's call to heel.

Mirable dictu! you heard,
 With such a sweet look on your face,
 I felt
 As I knelt,
 In a word,
 My Soul in an angel's embrace.

You gave me no word, it is true,
 Of hope, but I did hope, you know
 The why,
 So do I,
 I pray you
 Will pardon me telling you so.

Forgive too the exquisite truth
 My memory conjures up now,
You pressed
 To my breast
 In uncouth
Hot grasp with my breath on your brow.

Your brow and your lips and your eyes
 I kissed, did I not? Did I not?
You blush
 And a flush
 Of surprise
Makes answer you have not forgot.

Surprise that I should question, eh?
 All right! but we parted you know,
Because
 By the laws
 Of fair play,
You let me see why I should go.

Yes, go and go quickly, for he,
 My friend, thought himself beloved too
By you!
 To be true
 And to be
Half honest, what else could I do?

But first e'er I went, you asked, I
 Should keep 'neath the roof of my heart
Your own
 Empty throne
 Till I die
Forever for you set apart.

Unless! ah, and here was the sting—
 Some day or some night you should come
 To me,
 Silently,
 A lost thing
 Of joy knowing sorrow's full sum.

Benumbed by the ghost of a dream
 Of Love you would seek Love itself,
 And claim
 In its name
 All we deem
 Beyond envy, passion, or pelf.

The promise you asked for I gave,
 But knew as I spoke that I stood
 Beside
 The ebb tide,
 The tenth wave
 That drowns all of hope that seems good.

Permit me to fill up your wine,
 Do I chatter too much, *mon ami*?
 No? No?
 Not although
 I design
 To ramble on incessantly?

The promise you asked for I kept,
 And lo, for a third time we meet,
 But, Queen,
 In between
 Us has crept
 The sound of his ghostly dead feet.

The ghost of my friend who loved you,
Whom you loved till death suddenly
One day
Took away
From the view
And sound of the sun and the sea.

The sorrow that made your heart ice,
Through days then of feverish strife,
Was not
Though I wot
The chilled vise
You feared once might hold you through life.

It was not so cold as a love
Grown cold, or so full of regret,
You still,
If you will,
Say thereof,
With calm looking forward,—*kismet*.

Do you? Pray, but stop, why should I
Ask you! It should be sufficient
For me
That I see
You here by
My side—should I not be content?

Yes, truly, if one could go back
And swoon on a sweet stolen kiss,
But strange
There's a change
And a lack
Of something in both that we miss.

Perhaps it may be we have grown
 To think of each other too well,
 The hour
 Of Love's flower
 Was full blown
 Too soon, and too soon its leaves fell.

Time leaves us at last simply friends,
 Expecting great things each of each,
 We strain
 Now to gain
 Diff'rent ends,
 For diff'rent Ideals we reach.

Your touch does not thrill to my touch,
 Nor glance answer glance as it did.
 Ehew!
 We are two,
 And so much
 For doing what damned Duty bid.

What's that? You say, how the hours pass?
 Must go? Nay, but clink a good night,
 And laugh
 As we quaff
 Our last glass,
 Good heavens! Little One, you look white.

Sit down! Are you ill? Are you faint?
 You smile, but that look in your eyes
 Says plain
 You're in pain!
 My sweet saint,
 There! there! pray don't try to disguise!

More air! Good! So! lean here your head!
 Dear Soul, my lost Love, how you start.
 "Adieu,
 I loved you"
 What! She's dead!
 Great God! I have broken her heart!

TANT MIEUX

"*Tant pis* and *tant mieux* being two of the great hinges in French conversation."

LAWRENCE STERNE, *Sentimental Journey*

THE story of this simple scroll
 Is not from Fame's long rigmarole,
 It's somewhat queer and rather droll,
 It's true;
 "Its chance of hearing then is small,"
 Said someone whom I won't recall;
 Eh? "Come on, let us hear it all,"
 Tant Mieux.

I'll be as brief, then, as I can,
 And tell the story of a man
 Whose life was made upon a plan
 Not new.
 A life with no desire for state
 Or rank, or what the world calls great;
 He held that God controlled his fate,
 Tant Mieux.

I met him first in student days—
 When life seemed set to roundelays,
 That sang of nothing but Love's praise;
Echew!

Why even now, sometimes, he seems
 Part of the rainbow colored dreams,
 That from the past shed gentle beams,
Tant Mieux.

He lived up in a garret high,
 Where he could see the swallows fly
 Across the housetops, near the sky
So blue;
 For fifty years, from sun to sun,
 He toiled, until his glass was run,
 And then he said, "Thy will be done,
Tant Mieux."

A singing soul had Jean Laplace,
 And so you see it came to pass,
 That music, sweet as sprinkled grass
With dew
 He wrote, and sold too, it appears,
 While round his heart, delicious tears
 Kept fresh his nature all these years,
Tant Mieux.

A thin old man whose gentle eyes,
 Had never lost the first surprise,
 With which they saw Life's morning rise
In view;
 Of summer's heat, of winter's snow,
 He always said, "'Tis better so,"
 Or words to that effect, you know,
"Tant Mieux."

He came while quite a lad, you see,
Up from the South to "beau Paris,"
And none more pure, more good than he,
More true,
Have set aside all thoughts of gain,
Have made a pleasure out of pain,
Have had, to all their thoughts, refrain,
Tant Mieux.

He loved once, with a boy's strong might,
A maid as pure as virgin light,
That wells forever from God's sight
Anew;
To him she seemed a holy thing,
Sent here to do God's minis'tring,
And all the airs of Heaven to bring,
Tant Mieux.

In summer when the nights were long,
Among the vines she sang her song,
The village loved Louise Ferron,
Called Lou
By him who through his coming life
Saw her amid its joys and strife—
Forever as his blessed wife,
Tant Mieux.

But—
Her mother chose a convent cell
For her young life; now, if 'twere well
Or no, I am sure I cannot tell,
Can you?
Jean's love, however, knew no taint
Of self, he never made complaint,
He once said, though, "Now she's a saint,
Tant Mieux."

And then he came to Paris gay,
To hide his bitter grief away,
But never to the past, to say

Adieu!

Ah! no, the memory of her face
Made bright his lonely little place,
And gave his life a tender grace,

Tant Mieux.

Here he wrote music by the sheet,
It was not strong, but oh, 'twas sweet
As babbling brooks, or rustling wheat,

And you,

If you had heard his old violin
Disperse the darkening clouds of sin,
You ever after would have been,

Tant Mieux.

Year after year, earn what he could,
It scarcely paid the price of food,
Of scanty raiment, coal, and wood;

He grew

Year after year more gray and bent,
But never from his heart was sent
A word to Heaven of discontent,

Tant Mieux.

And then when nigh to death he lay,
On mercy's errand bent, one day
An old nun came, and strange to say

'Twas Lou;

Back from his face his hair he cast,
And o'er his eyes his fingers passed,
And then he said "You've come at last,"

Tant Mieux.

She, mid her tears, "Jean, you believe!"
 "Ah, yes," he said, "there, there, don't grieve,
 I've nothing on this earth to leave

But you."

And then 'twixt dreams and mem'ries riven,
 He wispered out the word "Forgiven,"
 And then—"We meet again in Heaven,

Tant Mieux."

TANT PIS

I N truth this is a sad story,
 With neither mirth nor mystery,
 A woman with a history,

Ah me!

Too plentiful her kind you say,
 The miserable, rank mud-spray,
 Dashed from the mad wave of their day,

Tant Pis.

From childhood she had had no guide,
 Her father fought for France, and died,
 Her mother, but a year old bride,

To be

Beside him followed, and then came
 A lonely girlhood, then—why name
 The bitter hours that brought her shame,

Tant Pis.

Enough that when I met her, gone
 Was all the fragrant blushing dawn
 Of modest maidenhood, and on

Julie,—

That was the name men knew her by—
 Despair had settled, like a sky
 Opaqued with clouds her life, you sigh
Tant Pis

For this poor painted chaos, well
 'Twas sad, for still within her Hell
 Sometimes she dreamed of Heaven; they tell
 How she

When once a man to gain her grace,
 Said, "Pure wives envy you your place,"
 Made answer with a tear-stained face,
"Tant Pis."

Her life nigh gone, companions sent
 For Rome's absolving sacrament,
 The good priest said, "Ah, girl, repent,
 And see
 A new life dawn on you through faith;"
 But wearied out, just at her death,
 She whispered low with her last breath,
"Tant Pis."

THE PALACE OF DEAD HOPES

I N lands of mist and mystery and phosphorescent
light,
A sentry ghost treads up and down and guards by
day and night,
The Palace of Dead Hopes that once seemed fair to
human sight.

A palace built of frozen tears that fell from baby eyes,
Upon the border-land of Time, when fresh from
Paradise
They opened at the dawn of pain, and opening were
made wise.

There lie in state the Hopes, that once made music
and made mirth,
Upon the everlasting fair adorable green earth,
Some old and wrinkled, some that drew their last
breath at their birth.

Some died poor weaklings and the music in their
hearts was dumb,
And some from overpraise went mad, and ah! alas, for
some,
The taper-lights had flickered out and dawn had not
yet come.

Pale Peace that claimed them left for gift their
memories behind,
A fragrance faint that lingers still around Life's weary
mind,
Balm-giving as rose odors on a summer's dewy wind.

Down to that palace, came from where the seasons hold
 their sway,
 With mien of stiff-kneed uprightness and dressed in
 drabbled gray,
 A ghastly spectre, pale, with eyes that lacked the
 light of day.

At its approach a challenge fell upon the misty air—
 A challenge from the sentry ghost, "Halt! answer who
 goes there".
 "My name is Doubt," the spectre said, "the brother
 of Despair."

"I know ye not! What seek ye here upon this holy
 ground?"
 Replied the ghost; a silence fell, then through the
 silence, sound,
 "The face of my great foe I seek, say, may he here
 be found?"

"Advance no further till ye give his name," the
 sentry said.
 "The Hope of Immortality," moaned Doubt with
 bended head;
 Quick answer came, "Begone, thank God that Hope
 is not yet dead."

A WEATHERCOCK

A WEATHERCOCK perched on an old church
spire
Aloft and alone; far below
The world followed Duty or blind Desire,
Around were the free winds that blow.
(From where they will come who can know?)

For years like a stoic he held his stand,
And felt the warm sunshine or snow,
North, south, east, or west he was forced or fanned,
Around by the free winds that blow.
(From where they will come who can know?)

The bashful new moon he had seen on high,
Like Love's shining shoulder aglow,
Emerge from an ocean of deep blue sky,
Unveiled by the free winds that blow.
(From where they will come who can know?)

But never the weathercock's heart was stirred,
By aught that the seasons could show,
Till out of the darkness a haunting word
Was brought by the free winds that blow.
(From where they will come who can know?)

And lo! where the east by the west is met,
Were lilies of fire bending low
Before the wan face of divine Regret,
Sharp stung by the free winds that blow,
(From where they will come who can know?)

And since then, blow whither it will the wind,
The weathercock turns to and fro,
Unsatisfied, aching again to find
That face, in the free winds that blow,
(From where they will come who can know?)

A SCARECROW

A SCARECROW, in a field of corn,
 Stood broken down, well nigh,
 But through the sunshine or the rain,
 His face still faced the sky.

The ravens filled with strange alarm,
 Flew by with startled cry,
 When seeing 'tween his wind-tossed arms
 His face still faced the sky.

But once a dove from out a wood
 Came cooing forth a sigh,
 Now, though the scarecrow yearned for love,
 His face still faced the sky.

And so he missed the love he sought,
 And soon he drooped to die,
 Unheeded, broken, on the ground,
 His face still faced the sky.

The dove a mate soon found, indeed,
 Why should she longer try
 To win the scarecrow fallen low?
 His face still faced the sky.

She took his heart of withered straw,
 To line her nest near by,
 And scarcely noticed as she passed,
 His face *still* faced the sky.

A MAID O' THE MIST

A FAIR maid of the mist,
That no mortal had kissed,
Fell in love with the Man-in-the-Moon,
And beside the great sea,
In the night, plaintively,
Sang him this, to a tear-laden tune.

"With the fullness of sorrow my soul is oppressed,
And I long for your valleys and caves,
Where the sound of men striving disturbs not your rest,
Tramping down through the mire to their graves."

"Lift me up then and comfort me, take me, I pray,
To your arms, to your heart, lonely king,
And in caverns we'll hide from the fierce glare of day,
And at night on the mountains we'll sing."

"With the joy that is born of a pure love fulfilled,
All my soul shall be thrilled through and through,
When as day-dawn approaches, the night winds all
stilled,
I shall sink into slumber by you."

At the sound of her voice,
Did his lone heart rejoice,
Did he yearningly whisper, "My own;"
Round his home in the sky,
Where the Dream-angels fly,
He engirdled a gold woven zone.

And sent down from his height,
 A frail ladder of light,
 Made from quivering beams of a star,
 Then from earth the maid passed,
 Nor a backward look cast,
 To the moon's lonely regions afar.

The old Ocean alone
 Saw her go, and made moan,
 Aye, and follows her still with its tide,
 For its waves stretch their hands
 To the far away lands,
 Of the Man-in-the-Moon and his bride.

In that land of dead fires,
 Is she past all desires,
 Has her heart touched its uttermost scope?
 And so far from earth's woes,
 Is there perfect repose,
 In a calm, above Fear, beyond Hope?

A CRUCIFIED CUPID

WHEN roses and forget-me-nots
And lilies shed perfume,
And in the hedges round the plots,
The nests were in full bloom;

When every spear of grass was dipped
In a nepenthe bowl,
And fleecy clouds, with wings unclipped,
Coquetted with the Soul;

Prince Cupid's little sweetheart came
Within dull sorrow's ken,
And thought she only had to name
Her name to maids and men,

And then, the verdant earth would seem
As fair as Heaven afar,
And round each life a peace would gleam,
Like glory round a star.

The thought of what had been, would be
As discord to a tune,
And hearts, as free as is the sea,
Would turn to her, their moon.

The beauty then of Holiness,
Be manifest indeed,
The holiness of Beauty, less
A fancy, more a creed.

The struggling soul, in manhood's breast,
Would never meet mishap,
But when tired out would sink to rest,
In neighbor Nature's lap.

Alas! Alack! poor little thing,
 On gentle errand bent,
 With music of the spheres to sing,
 And quick with good intent.

How could she know that Lust was here,
 With subtle, scheming mind,
 Begemmed and jewelled with many a tear
 Wrung from deceived mankind.

When she came here, he whispered, "Vain
 Is all she has to say,
 The rose will fade, the thorn remain,
 Drink deep then while ye may."

And man deluded, anger stirred,
 Crushed down his half regrets,
 And, "Crucify her!" was the word,
 "On stacked up bayonets."

Tormented by her pleading voice,
 With ruthless hands they slew
 The babe, that said, "O men, rejoice,
 The good you see is true."

And there with outstretched wings she hung,
 Her curls a golden grace,
 Around the pitying smile that clung
 Like dew to her dead face.

Since that sore day Prince Cupid flies,
 An arrow in his hand,
 And smites with pain, that never dies,
 The children of the land.

ROMANCE

WITH music, with mirth, and with gladness,
Young Summer arose from her lair;
Arrayed in bright sunshine and shadows,
She sauntered across the green meadows,
And fastened a rose in her hair.

From woods where the winds sing of sadness
Lone Autumn beheld her and sighed;
Then ran to her, caught her, carressed her,
And called her his own as he pressed her,
She smiled on him once and so died.

To him came an infinite sorrow,
And by her he laid himself low;
Then Winter came down from the mountains,
And seeing them hushed all the fountains,
And covered them over with snow.

Beside them he watched till one morrow
The child Spring came fresh as a wave;
And when she had heard their sad story,
Child-like for a space she felt sorry,
Then planted snowdrops on their grave.

REWARD

TWO women loved a scholar all his days,
A man whose soul was filled with dreams of
peace,
A man to whom the world and all its ways
Were empty babble that ere long must cease.

One woman's life was pure as drifted snow,
The other's, soiled like snow that men have trod;
One only knew through joy the power of woe,
The other felt outcast from man and God.

One springtime, when the violet veil of morn
Was lifted from the opening eyes of day,
Upon the hope that with our life is born,
The scholar's soul in silence went away.

Within a year, the pure maid gave her heart
Unto a husband, and found Love's sweet grace;
The other from the whole world drew apart,
And prays some day to see the scholar's face.

THE PRICE OF A SONG

THOUGH he lived in a tenement house,
Yet the flooring he trod on up there,
Was the ceiling that others below,
Looked aloft to in doubt and despair.

He had sung of the fields and the flowers,
Of the dusk and the dawn and mid-day,
Of the star-beams embroid'ring the sky,
Of the sea where the waves are at play.

Yet for all of his songs he had starved,
And he cried in despair, "Oh, renew,
God, my strength, to bid men lift their eyes
To the fair face of Truth, bathed in dew."

And a thought, like a wave on the shore,
Seemed to rush o'er his mind, parched and dry,
A command, as it were, Duty gave,
To interpret the city's hoarse cry.

So he wrote a great soul stirring song,
From the jumble and jar of the street,
From the whirring of unceasing wheels,
And the onrush of unresting feet.

And the meaning of Life was made clear,
Why the struggle is needed for strength,
And a haven of Love hove in sight,
Where the restless shall find rest at length.

Then the multitude crowded to crown
The poor poet, unnoticed till then,
But they found, ere they came, watchful Death
From his fingers had taken the pen.

And the mandate again was fulfilled,
 Old as Hope's baby whispers of Heaven,
 That before a new song can be sung,
 For that song first a life must be given.

A TRAGEDY

FAR away in Palestine,
 A young vine,
 Round a stately cedar pine
 Sough to twine,
 And she whispered, "I am thine,
 Let me in thy arms recline,
 I will give the sacred wine
 For the Shrine."

But, where waves and winds combine,
 His design,
 In bright glory's light to shine
 Was; in fine,
 He said, "Thou wilt ne'er be mine,
 My top-peak shall fly the sign
 Of a ship in battle-line
 On the brine."

Ere the year was in decline,
 A malign
 Cruel Fate cut short repine;
 With cold eyne,
 Said unto the tree "Now whine,
 Thou shalt be a yoke for Kine,
 And on her lo! there shall dine
 Unclean Swine."

AN ODD MAN

SOME day as down the street
I walk with idle feet,
We two again shall meet
Face unto face.
Shall all that made a beam
In our eyes to us seem
Banished as is a dream
Off into space?

Shall then a glad surprise
Light up each other's eyes
As if a Paradise
Opened to view?
And as the glad tears start
Shall heart then say to heart,
Though we have been apart
Each has been true?

What though the eyes have kept
Vigils, and long have wept,
Into their depths has crept
Clearer insight;
What we would, what we could,
Then shall be understood,
Doubt and its sorry brood,
Taken to flight.

Or, with averted gaze,
 Thinking of other days,
 Shall we pass on our ways,
 From dusk to dawn?
 Shall then no word be said
 Save that all hope is fled,
 And Love the King is dead,
 Let him sleep on?

Natheless which way it be
 Pregnant for you and me
 With mirth or misery
 Boundless as space,
 Some day as down the street
 I walk with idle feet,
 We two again shall meet
 Face unto face.

PASSERS-BY

A TEA leaf and a poppy leaf
Were caught in Love's delight,
A child of cheer, a foe of grief—
A Tea leaf and a poppy leaf—
A cycle of the joys in brief
That lie in day and night;
A tea leaf and a Poppy leaf
Were caught in Love's delight.

A Wraith of steam, a puff of smoke
Went drifting down the street,
And turned to tears and grimy coke—
A wraith of steam, a Puff of smoke—
A woman with her poor heart broke
Beneath Sin's sooty feet;
A wraith of steam, a puff of smoke
Went drifting down the street.

A High thought and a low thought,
A gulf immense between,
What wonderful white devil brought
A high thought and a Low thought
Together, by a web that caught
The heart of Beauty's queen;
With a high thought, a low thought,
A gulf immense between.

FROM FIRST TO LAST

GOOD MORNING

AH! Good morning! Clear sky!
 Long the way I must go;
 Yes, the mountain is high,
 But, good morning, clear sky,
 Must surmount, and must try,
 The crowd travel too slow;
 So, good morning; clear sky;
 Long the way I must go.

GOOD NIGHT

AH! Good night! Glad we met;
 On the valley lies mist,
 Those behind I regret,
 But, good night, glad *we* met,
 It was worth all the fret
 To be once by you kissed;
 So, good night; glad we met,
 On the valley lies mist.

BEAUTY'S LADY

A SONNET SEQUENCE



BEAUTY'S LADY

A SONNET SEQUENCE

BEAUTY'S LADY



HE Spring came and smiled and
 behold I saw you;
Love held to my lips then a clear cup
 of dew,
It gathered at dawn where the white
 lilies grew, Beauty's Lady.

Revealed to my senses then incarnate Good,
In infinite majesty modestly stood,
And moulded my soul to a sweet solemn mood,
 Beauty's Lady.

As stray chicks of song seek the mother-bird tune,
The hopes of my heart heard a comforting croon
And 'neath your Soul's wings nestled down in a swoon,
 Beauty's Lady.

I saw you and faded dreams blossomed again,
A new sense of power stirred with life in my brain,
For excess of joy it bit back the birth pain,
 Beauty's Lady.

A new sense of power with flame wings to aspire,
And light on the mountain tops beacons of fire,
To flash forth glad tidings of holy desire,
Beauty's Lady.

I heard you, and fresh from Sound's limitless sea,
A message was blown of the Truth that makes free,
With clear undertones of divine Sympathy,
Beauty's Lady.

A message of Love that is able to scan
The oneness of all in God's wonderful plan
Of matter and melody mingled in man,
Beauty's Lady.

I touched you, and into my soul's prison pen
It seemed Light itself became audible then
And Song shone as Sunshine to me of all men,
Beauty's Lady.

Ah, Springtime of Women! ah, lark throat of Song!
Be near me in spirit the whole season long,
That my life like yours may be pure, simple, strong,
Beauty's Lady.

AN EPISODE

A DAY-DREAM led me forth from Mammon's
 mart
 To where was breathing space, and pointed
 to
 The promise of the Spring fulfilled in you,
The home of Truth on Beauty's vernal chart,
I lingered by the fireside of your heart
 To warm the chilled sense of my soul, numbed
 through
 By fogs of Sin, and cold Neglect's dank dew,
And biting winds blown thwart the peaks of Art.
Songs that the poet hears but never sings
 Cheered me, and in the intervals, deep glooms
 Of Silence, incense-laden from the blooms
Of God, lulled me with restful offerings,
 I was made strong and happy—yet
 Since then my soul has known a vague regret.

A VISION

CLOSER than clasp of flesh, my eyes embraced
A Vision strayed from God's anointed place,
With midnight hair brushed back from
Morning's face,
With Spring's glad confidence in clear lines traced
Around her mouth and eyes, from neck to waist
A holy casket for a heart of grace,
With lithe limbs anxious, for a fleeting space,
To follow footprints that the glad gods paced.
And when she spoke, it seemed the breath of Dawn
Blew back the curtains of the tent of Dreams,
Who saw my prostrate soul and crystal beams
Of Love's own light in pity shed thereon.
Merciless Fate! mysterious and unknown,
Why came that Vision to this heart of stone?

THE WANDERING JEW

CROSS-BURDENED, faint, and thorn-crowned,
The Great Man
Asked from a Jewish cobbler place to rest,
Before he reached the lonely barren crest
Of self-renunciation, but the wan
Sweet lips were answered with, "Move on."—Then an
Offended God decreed thus, "Be oppressed
And wander Jew forever toward the West,
Mocked by the sunset Peace you can but scan."—
When Truth's ubiquitous white wings had brushed
The forehead of my soul in search of place
To rest in, did I welcome it apace,
Or was its voice in passion's tempest hushed?
Ah, Lady of the dawnrise, dreams and dew,
You are God's Peace, my heart The Wandering
Jew.

WHICH?

WHEN Dusk has spread his tent where Day
had been,
And Nature's altar lamps are trimmed
anew,

When from the folded wings of Strife, the dew
Of tears repentant wipes the dust of Sin,
In such an hour, shall she come calmly in
And lay her lips on mine and kiss me? Through
That kiss shall I not wholly know the true
Beatitude of Love, Life prays to win?
Then all the tangled chords of troubled Care
Shall fall from off my soul, set free through her,
Together we shall breathe the open air
Of Truth, I too like her its worshipper;
Ah, God! must this not be? but with quick breath
Sharp on my mouth instead the kiss of Death?

THE TORTURE CHAMBER

WITHIN a castle, that a poor fool built
In empty idle hours, on Time's syrtis
Skirting the seas of two eternities,
There is a chamber, opened by the hilt
Of poignant Sorrow, where Hope's blossoms wilt
In the numb vacuum of Passion's kiss,
And where are seen dead dreams that went
amiss,
And gaping wounds in Feelings slain by Guilt.
Faint strains of phantom music's Might-have-been
Float from the curtains of the Past's gray pall,
And in the centre on a pedestal
Of Peace, lit up by glory from within,
The Unattainable, past reaching hands,
A Woman like a Grecian goddess stands.

AN ACCIDENT

A CROSS the blue star-tesselated floor
Of Heaven, once a Hope in wanton play
Danced to the music of an unblown May,
Behind it was the shining pearl door
Through which again it entered nevermore,
For suddenly it slipped across a ray,
Where like an orange rind the new moon lay
Stripped from the golden age in days of yore.
Down, down it fell into my heart of stone
And dug itself a cave wherein to hide
Its poor frayed wings torn at its bleeding side
And smother Memory's unceasing moan.
Outside its door I lay my Life, and wait
The final issue of the work of Fate.

A BANQUET

FATE led me to a banquet hall to dine,
A wonderful wide overhanging vault
Walled by the hills of burnished steel cobalt,
And bade me at the board in ease recline,
On which, clear crystal vessels like Eyes shine
On cultured dove-like dreamings without fault,
And Words of wit sharp stung with Attic salt,
And smiles like Omar Khayyám's vital wine.
I might, had I not sued the gods for peace,
And sent from brazen Duty's altar-mesh,
The incense of the sacrificial flesh,
Know why my gnawing soul finds no surcease.
Is it I starve, because I am alone
And so the bread of Life turns to a stone?

ECCE HOMO

THOUGH Art had gently lisped its polished
phrase,
And tinkled rhyme bells for the twinkling feet
Of laughing senses, dancing in complete
Security of uneventful days,
My soul heard voices calling through the haze,
And fain would follow them, more fain would
greet
In twilight lands its One Ideal sweet,
Where murmuring sound intones eternal praise.
What stayed its flight, flushed flame o'er all its snow-
White longings, and gave meanings new
To old ambitions, bathed with tears of dew
Its opened eyes to Beauty here below—
God's Kingdom come on earth as 'tis above?
This—Passion's parched throat gasping out, "I
love."

SPRING

BIRD calls, and quick breath from Earth's parted
lips,
Half-startled glances from expectant eyes
Peering from cloud-lids in uncertain skies,
As Nature lashes laggard gloom with whips
Of rain, and from her lap lets fall cowslips
And crocuses, so great her haste, she cries
To every living thing, "Awake! arise!"
And laughs till tears gleam at their frightened quips.
Then sudden promptings from eternal Joy
Pulse through my veins, and vaguely prophesy
The coming of the Mate the deathless boy
In me awaits—She, Beauty's Lady!—my
Full meaning set to an ecstatic tune
Beneath the pure rays of God's love-lit moon.

A FAR CRY

BENEATH the verdured mounds that Time had
left,

Like broken hearts of impotent despair,
On Asiatic deserts wide and bare,
The searchers found when they had keenly cleft
The dross of ages, sculptures strong and deft,
Wherein Assyrian dreams from stones still stare,
And tear-phials iridescent for the fair
Forgotten Gods of worshippers bereft.

Should Beauty's Lady search my life, forgot
As quite as Sargon's cities by the mass,
Would she find underneath the peasant grass
A few frail humble deeds and, 'neath a blot
Of blood, pale dreams of Freedom faintly drawn
Around a heart with her face stamped thereon?

MORNING

A HUSH, as though Life held its breath, a red
Quick sudden palpitating flame, a brand
Flung headlong through the darkness, a
command

For Dreams to wing their way unto the dead,
And then the finger-tips of Dawn are spread
In benediction o'er the list'ning land,
And underneath its tremulous white hand
The laughing Sun shakes loose his golden head.
A rush of wings upon the perfumed air,
A burst of song from jubilant blithe birds,
A silver whisper of immortal words
As Nature kneels in thanksgiving and prayer,
And Beauty's Lady lifts her love-lit eyes
To shed on Earth the light of Paradise.

NOON

A PULSE of Silence in the thunder roar
Of volumed sound from rushing waters
vast,
Soft scented silence in the vales o'ercast
By brooding hills, that watch the eagles soar
In effortless abandon at the core
Of silence deep within the viewless blast,
Primeval silence in dark shadows massed,
And silence in the Sun's full-orbed outpour.
And underneath a veil of shimmering haze
With mirth and might and melody bedight,
And on her face the glow of Wisdom's light,
Enthroned in golden glory beyond praise,
Lo! Beauty's Lady, radiantly calm,
The still small voice in Nature's silent psalm.

MIDNIGHT

WHITE fields of lilies stretching to the west,
Wind swept and waving on their stately
stems,

White draperies of cloud with silver hems
The banished gods trail over the blue breast
Of heaven, white lipped moaning seas in quest
Of peace, white scintillating starry gems
Dropped from the rebel angel's diadems,

White moon-light over all with awe oppressed.
And in the centre, blending all to one

Great living word of Light—the sound whereof—
Another name for God, for God is Love,—
Fills all things full of meaning dreamed or done,
Stands Beauty's Lady, of them yet apart,
The blush of Morning at the Midnight's heart.

SHADOWS

SHADOWS like cyphers brand her brows most
wise;

Shadows upon her temples like dim pools
Of peaceful rest, wherein the glad blood cools
Its longings; shadows trembling with surprise,
Like falling drops of song from Paradise,
Around her mouth—that speaks the word that
rules

The life of him the most blessed of God's fools—
And shadows, dusky dream-moths, round her eyes.
Then over all, a shadow of deep awe

And calm abiding full-fledged wonderment,
As though to her the Living One had bent
And whispered the love secret of His law;
These are the Shadows in My Lady's face,
The Lights—ah! words could never dimly trace.

WHISPERS

WHISPERS among the little flirting leaves;
Whispers as gloaming trails across the
grass;
Illumined whispers as the fire flies pass;
Aeolian harps of moonbeams one conceives
Make whisp'ring music, for no shadow grieves
But dances lightly with a drinking glass
Brimful of dew, and to recall what was
The sea-shells whisper sighs old ocean heaves.
Like to a sweet warm breath, strange whispers cling
Around my heart of Immortality
To-night, when with the minds' eye, I can see
The lily light to me of everything,
Dear Beauty's Lady sent to tempt the soul,
Melodious whisper of God's perfect whole.

A DREAM

NAY, but remembering I faint! I swoon!
The eyes like mem'ries of the sea sun kissed,
The marble brow crowned with a dusky
twist

Of hair coiled down to rest like some dream tune,
The mouth—Love's Majesty describe as soon—

The supple limbs, like liquid amethyst,

Draped in diaphanous wan woven mist

Clasped by the crescent of a crystal moon.

So in my sleep she seemed to lean to me,

Until her breath my eyelids filtered through

And filled my eyes with warm translucent dew

From God's green blossom of Virginity—

Thereat I woke and smothered down a sigh

And cried—no! She may hear that by and by.

THE TORNADO'S HEART

INTO his inmost heart a Zephyr crept,
 The heart of a Tornado, nor felt she
 One whit of fear, nay rather felt she free,
 In free-will's sense to God's will, on she swept
 O'er death and desolation, as he leapt
 O'er lands and landmarks of futility
 And ploughed up furrows in the virgin sea
 And dashed defiance at the stars that kept
 Unmoved their calm. When his wild strength was
 gone,
 Titanic effort grappling with despair—
 The opening of new fields of living air
 For neighbor Nature in her robes of dawn—
 Why then, the Zephyr gently whispered—"Rest,"
 And laid his worked-out heart upon her breast.

SUMMER

A BROAD smile from the heaven's placid face
Falls on the full blown roses; lilies nod
In drowsy day-dreams to the velvet shod
Quiescent Hours that loiter for a space
Across the perfume-laden resting place
Of Nature, where knee-deep in flow'ring sod
She hums unbonneted her songs to God,
Beneath the green flag of harmonious Grace.
Then in my heart a sense of boundless power
Broods o'er a vision of supreme delight,
Nestled within a rainbow-woven bower,
And yearns to gather all its unknown might
Into one tender, passionate sweet
White deed of love to lay at Beauty's feet.

IN THE WOODS

DAPPLED with leafy shadows, fawn-like
Dreams
Roam o'er the dim horizon of her mind,
Save now and then one lingereth behind,
To quench its thirst within the limpid streams
Of light from her pure eyes, Mirth's sparkling beams
The spell of rime-frost from her brow unbind
For wild-bloom thoughts to blush there; Love's
lips wind
The horn of Hope her soul inspired it seems.
Where'er she goes her fragrant presence has
A dignity that makes base things depart,
For lisping leaves that saw Diana pass
Have whispered secrets to her fearless heart;
Queen of Life's forest, careless of mishap,
Where mysteries like branches overlap.

TOGETHER

TWO stars in Space's opposite extremes,
One pale as powdered snow on violet,
One bright as blood on shining steel new
wet,
Move through a sky of blue ethereal dreams
Along their fate-swept orbits, crossed by gleams
Of other yearning stars no doubt, and yet
Fulfilling silently the word Kismet,
To meet and mingle into one their beams.
And in the rapture of their mutual kiss,
Coequals crowned with consummation's calm,
Light shall mysteriously become a psalm
Of infinitely sweet abounding bliss,
Love's lost chord—found shall ring across the
sky
Struck from the mystic diphthong—You and I.

FOREVER

TWO disembodied spirits pure and clear,
Met in the ether atmosphere of There,
Surpassing Beauty's dream of women fair
Was one, once known on earth as Beauty's Queen,
The other was the contrast seen between
Beauty and rugged Strength, but why compare
Them, she had strength of purpose and to spare,
Enough! he humbly wore an honest mien.
Down, bending gently as a zephyr might,
She leaned her head and smiling asked of him,—
And as she spoke it seemed the stars grew dim,—
“Do you remember what you said last night?”
“Oh yes,” he answered and rememb'ring sighed,
“I love you, love you, love you; then I died.”

PROSPECT

IS SHE not free and fearless, she to whom
My soul leaps forth and gives the welcome
sign,
Come as a guest into this heart of mine,
Come with the gladness of the Spring's full bloom,
Come in the garb of Beauty's fairy loom
To rule with Love, and point me to the shrine
Of Truth, and bring the blessed bread and wine
Of Life, and claim me as her spirit's groom?
Shall I not grow complete and perfected
Within the sunshine of her peerless eyes?
Shall I not know the calm of Paradise
Within the shadow of her thoughtful head?
Shall not my being become deep and broad
Beside this mystic messenger of God?

MY AMBITION

THE end of my ambition is but this—
To be in body, mind, and soul alway
A humble, earnest worker, deed and say
And thought devoted to the crowning bliss
Of brotherhood in Beauty, nor amiss
Take aught that falls, but strenuously pray
That from that end my feet may never stray
Nor my full lips be turned from Duty's Kiss.
And after many a failure and mishap
After the joybells of successful hours,
In the sweet aftercalm of well used powers,
To lay my head at last in her pure lap,
And feel the brooding blessing of the eyes
Of Beauty's Lady on my calm soul lies.

A GLAD DAY

COME, come my soul, now let us forth and leap,
Dance, swing out hand in hand across the
grass,

Skim o'er the moor-lake with its molten mass
Of water-lilies like star songs asleep,
Climb, scramble up the cliffs that safely keep
The voice of love-lorn Echo; on we pass
The waterfall like liquid braided glass,
And breast the mountains where the old gods weep.
Up, up, we strive to gain their exiled place—
Shall not our tears, to rainbow raiment wove,
Drape their cold limbs with iridescent Love
And bathe the lines of sorrow from each face?—
Now! now we join the highest! Shout aloud!
Jump if you will into yon opal cloud!

REPOSE

CALM, wide-winged, smiling Peace with dream-
 ing eyes
 Sits in the branches of the tree of Life,
 Hushed is the battle's shrill far-reaching fife,
 Rest like dew-water on my spirit lies,
 For clearly, oh, most clearly it espies
 Far, far beyond remembrance of strife,
 The holy couch of Love with gladness rife
 And burdened with the pearl of Paradise.
 High Hopes like stars shine in the bending arch
 Of fathomless, undimmed Infinity,
 And through the air a clear call comes to me,
 "Onward and upward to fulfillment march";
 A call that makes the man in me rejoice,
 As somehow Beauty's Lady were a voice.

A DIVINE COMEDY

WHEN Gloaming climbs the hills to watch the
sun Sail off into the downy golden west,
When friendly birds from neighboring
nest to nest

In twitt'ring gossip tell what has been done,
When silently above come one by one
The stars like Heavenly music's notes of rest,
Or trickling tears of light shed on the breast
Of Night, stern Nature's consecrated nun,
My wayward spirit finds complete repose
Beside the smiling soul that wears a crown
Of dew-gemmed Beauty, at her feet it throws
The burden of its dreamings lightly down,
And in emancipated thought can see
Within Creation's drama—Harmony.

EVEN SO

BECAUSE her lips have tasted the dank foam
That crowns the bitter cup of blood red pain,
Because alone in travail she has lain
With sorrow till the stars pierced heaven's dome,
Because her feet have bled with those that roam
Along the flinty path to spirit gain,
Because come weal or woe she still was fain
To make in Truth her everlasting home,
I find in her a living word of Hope,
I find in her a pulse of soulful power,
I find in her the perfume of Life's flower,
I love her with my whole soul's utmost scope,
I stand erect and glad thanksgiving give
To God, and pray, as she so I may live.

COMFORT

THE odor of flower censers swung in May,
Hangs in the hush of harmony that dwells
Around my Lady, Queen of Asphodels,
Crowning the garden that pure souls array;
Her eyes, the tenderness of yesterday
Hold in their liquid depths, and sea swung bells
Ring in her voice that fearlessly foretells
The future rising through a golden spray.
The sense of human kindness in her touch
Melts the hard morsel of the miser Time,
And somehow lifts my heart up into such
Unspeakable delight, it hears the chime
Of Heaven's min'ster ring the welcome hour
When rest shall fall like dew upon a flower.

AUTUMN

A FARAWAY look in the eyes of day,
The muscles of the sturdy earth stand out
In strong relief, and scattered round about
Belated flowers recall the year's first gay,
Glad tidings; Nature watches them at play
From underneath her brows of conquered doubt,
Forgetting naught, she smiles to see them pout
And wither as she stores her wealth away.
Then clinging feelings, keen and kin to pain,
Of loneliness in Freedom, send a thrill
Through the ripe vigour of my hoarding brain
Counting its knowledge o'er. Ah! all is chill
Save thoughts of Beauty's Lady where she seems
The harvest-moon in my midnight of dreams.

IMPRESSIONS

A BLUR of pain, like autumn leaves awirl
Around a bare tree stretching bony hands
Into the empty air; a flash of wands,
Like rainbows waved by Hope before the churl
Despair; gray ghosts of Dreams that dumbly furl
The sails of Love shipwrecked upon the Sands
Of Time, and silently coil up black strands
Of hair that once adorned a mermaid girl;
And to the sense beyond the senses ken,
A blaze of pleasure in a sky of peace
Flashing from out a central sun; surcease
Of time and space; and far from men
An opal void o'er which my soul has leapt
To—Stop! see tears, for joy my soul has wept.

JUST AN IDEA

I AM possessed by an Idea now,
My every deed must meet approval
From her smile within the dream-lit hall
Of Faith, where soul to soul exchanges vow
Of fealty, and kiss lips, eyelids, and brow
As symbol of the Cross on which we call
To help us, guide us, lift us when we fall,
And lead us over Sin's absorbing slough.
Have I not sung her perfect body, yea
And prayed within the shadow of her soul,
Climbed with her mind in loving-sweet control
Up the green shaded Academus' way,
Been blessed beholding Duty lay his lips
On Beauty's stainless shining finger tips.

FORCED JOY

FORTH through the night I force my ebon way
With close-clenched brows, and firm-set
peering eyes,
Alone with my Idea, pearl and prize
I captured in the thickest of the fray,
And hold against my heart fronting dismay,
And doubt, and Death, that vainly tries
To take her from me to some Paradise
Of equable tame uneventful day—
Bah! while a conscious entity am I
We never shall be severed or apart!
Can I not feel her lips upon my heart
Melting its strain with dewy sympathy?
God, you alone I fear, but surely you
Sent her to guide me to the good and true.

DISTRAUGHT

UNTIE the knot that strangles my poor brain
And give it breath but for a brief heart's
beat,
Can you not feel its cold lips on your feet
Chilling their marble whiteness with its pain?
Is not my body powdered now to grain
And in Fate's whirlwind scattered now complete?
Does not my soul like filmy incense sweet
Rise from your altar where my peace was slain?—
Yet you could gather them and make me whole,
Make my great longings in fulfillment cease,
Kiss me from burning passion into peace,
Give me again a body, mind, and soul.
If this must never be, why teach me then
To find the power to humbly say—Amen.

A SAD DAY

O H HAGAR, mother, great broad-bosomed Sea,
With hard tongue rattling in a mouth
parched dry,

And pinched lips puckered in a last long sigh,
I throw myself on your maternity—

I, I your Ishmael, take me, let me be

Rocked into rest with your old lullaby,

But first before it break just let me cry

My heart out as your arms encompass me.

God loved you once before I was begot,—

Hush! hush! I feel your deep unuttered moan—

Do with me what you will, I am your own,

Hide me away in some unfathomed spot,

I being gone, wiped out of everything,

The stars again to you of Love may sing.

A BARBARIAN

LEAVE me alone! take off your clinging hands,
For God's sake let me see no more of you,
Since I must never know you through and
through,

Leave me alone with Destiny's commands,

Trifle not with a soul that understands

Love's lips are balmy with the honeyed dew

Of dreams, Love's eyes swim in the misty blue

Of dawn, lest the untamed in me break bands

Of flimsy laws men made for women's use,

The wild untamed Barbarian rise in might,

Take you and fly with you into the night,

And fling defiance at whome'er pursues,

Claim you, possess you whate'er might befall,

Have you, and hold you—own you—all in all.

A CASTAWAY

FATE with a breath blew out the blazing Sun,
And darkness swallowed up Desire's delight,
Cast a cold shroud across the face of Right,
And snapped the silver chords of Hope fine spun
From the pure efforts of Life new begun.—
Then up against the bars of dismal night
A Spirit's poor frayed wings beat their vain might
Waiting to hear some Dawn say, "It is done."
Now it but feels, if numbness so be named,
The deep inscrutable decrees of Fate,
Called "Nevermore," "It might-have-been,"
"Too late,"
And wonders why so frail a thing was maimed
And left to wander with the blind child Faith
Down through the broken road that leads to
Death.

AS YE SOW

TOO long, too long have foolish hopes and fears
Dashed on my soul the flush and chill of
pain,
Too long its energies with might and main
Have fought with Shadows, watered dusty years
With evanescent and unfruitful tears,
Chewed empty husks of doubtful doubt, be fain
To follow Will-o'-Wisps across the plain
Of pathless longings where no Love appears.
E'en now as by a wayside Cross I kneel,
My prayer for peace falls back upon my face,
And on my bruised lips bitten blood marks trace
The only answer to my last appeal—
I realize that to my soul has come
A white abiding Sorrow blind and dumb.

A LONG JOURNEY

WE wandered down from where the old gods
 dwell,
 Psyche and I, we started in the gray
 Dim misty dawn and slowly groped our way
Down through the clouds and where their Shadows
 fell,
Each asked the other, if it knew, to tell
 What lay below, and whither would we stray,
 And dumbly strove to fashion words to pray,
It might not be to everlasting Hell.
Then suddenly I felt I was alone,
 Psyche had left me somewhere, loveless, dead
 To every joy, and disinherited
Of morning on the mountain-top, then thrown
 Headlong into the hungry calling sea,
 Bruised, maimed, but fearless once again and
 free.

A BOUQUET

I PLUCKED a bunch of song-buds soft and true,
From out the gracious garden of her Soul,
Faint dawn-eyed dreamers nodding 'neath the
knoll

Of wisdom, where the noble flowers grew
With crimson blood-stains on a flaming hue,
Pansies, then valley-lilies round the whole,—
White whispers of eternity that stole
From God and blossomed in my Lady's view.
Ere they could wither in the grasp of hot
Tense Passion treading down rebellious fears,
I watered them with pure and holy tears,
And kneeling in an unfrequented spot
I laid my bunch of song-buds bound in Truth
Beside the dead Hope of my vanished youth.

THE FOUNDLING

A LAST good-bye then to my foundling dead,
A last embracing look before it goes
Into the land of mist no morning knows,
Ta'en from my heart that was its cradle-bed,
Poor, fair, frail weakling with the glad proud head,
The little placid breasts like polar snows,
The tender clinging hands that hold a rose
Above the thorn-prick whence its life-blood sped,
The pale white lips I kiss, flower-petal ears,
The dimmed wide open eyes that coldly stare,
The face of Beauty's Lady prisoned there—
Ah God! no more! good-bye! for wet with tears
The silver-sandalled Dawn on tip-toe creeps
Into the chamber where my dead Hope sleeps.

A GHOST

THE ghost of me lies underneath the lids
Of Eyes, that strange to say once came to
mine
Like frightened Faith in search of its lost Shrine,
And dropped by chance some purple red orchids
Of Thought my soul picked up—what God forbids
The poor ghost dreaming o'er these flowers divine
Dew-drenched with memory's alluring wine,
And hearing Fancies chirp like katydids—
Too weak It was for anyone to miss
Its presence or to note its simple death,
It lies forgotten with the moment's breath
That slew it with the phantom of a kiss,
Dead! laid with unremembered things away
Shall it not know a resurrection day?

SHIPS

BECAUSE my ship has sailed far distant seas,
And borne the stress and storm of gale and
blast,

With tattered sails and grim aspiring mast
Rode where the midnight sun but shines to freeze,
Trailed through the calms of the Antipodes,
Weathered the waves of tropic passions, past
The tempting whirlpools, banks of doubt-mist
vast,

Been moored by galling chains to alien quays;
Because of this, although it still is staunch,

Nor seeks to anchor till its haven's won,
It is forbid convoy pure Beauty's launch

That sails off bravely in the rising Sun,
They speak each other and these greetings send,
"God speed you ever," "All's well my good friend."

REMEMBRANCE

LIKE supplicating drowned hands through the
haze
The branches stretch out, and the Dusk
begins
To usher in a troop of might-have-beens;
Like tawdry ghosts of spendthrift summer days
Chrysanthemums now haunt the wind-swept ways
Where dead leaves huddle like affrighted Sins;
And through the unfrequented outs and ins
Of Mem'ry my soul roams as in a maze,
Till suddenly it stays its wandering,
And sees great throngs of men unconsciously
Dividing, so that all unhindered she
May pass, my Lady of the perfect Spring—
Thereat my soul looks up, and lo! on high
The flowers of that Spring blossom in the sky.

A POOR PLAYER

FRAMED in a rainbow arch proscenium,
A Spring set, on the world's stage was
arrayed,
And "Beauty and the Beast" was duly played
By her called Lady Soullight and by some
Poor player touching whose name Fame is dumb.
Past praise she acted, word and look conveyed
Divinely Love triumphant in a Maid,
But him the audience wished in Kingdom Come.
So far so good, but when the play was done
The Lady living close to Nature's heart
Forgot, as well she should, the play and part
And bathed her Soul within the rising Sun;
But do you know, the Player dreams on, he
Is loved by Beauty through Eternity!

WINTER

A SMILING calm conviction in the look
The Skies send down so tenderly to bless
The puckered Earth, who like a prophetess
Behind the shriveled parchment of her book
Is hidden and gives forth no sign to hook
A hope on; yet great Nature none the less,
Wrapped in a spotless warm white downy dress,
Cracks many a crisp bright joke by knoll and nook.
Then from my soul where thoughts like snowflakes fall
Dreamily downward from a star-lit past,
A prayer is sent up to the Heart of All,
That when the veil is lifted up at last,
Within His rest abiding, I shall see
Sweet Beauty's Lady through Eternity.

MIRAGE

THE haunting fragrance of her fragile hands,
 Enchantingly astray across my brow
 And eyelids, turns my living longing now
Back to the mound where sadly memory stands
And drops a tear on them in cere cloth bands,
 A pallid Dream and piteous unvoiced Vow,
 Together buried. Ah my God! tell how
To blind that longing with the burning sands
 Of Time, for even now lark-like on wing
It soars above the simoon's upper edge
 And sees, or is it mirage, a green hedge
Ablaze with little poems of the Spring,
 And in its shadow Beauty's Lady bends
 To listen to the song of love it sends.

THE VERDICT

ONCE in my life I strove to let one know
My life entirely, everything that in
Me was, thought, word and deed, shame,
sorrow, sin,

Fall, falterings in the way I fain would go
Toward my Ideal, sheltering as snow,
Hopes chilled to death by kisses from the thin
Pale lips of Fear, Love lost amid the din
Of homeless hate, chance-driven to and fro.
And never less my littleness appeared
Than in that effort is my one hope now,
I hope I failed to show quite truly how
Just this or that within my path was cleared,
For having heard all I in truth could say,
"Coward," said the list'ner and then turned
away.

A PASSING WORD

FROM out the far off busy bright-faced world
I hear her say: "What are you thinking of
Tonight?" she who to me is up above
The highest peaks round which Fame's clouds are
curled,
Cold peaks from which my thoughts were one day
hurled,
I hear the voice of that adored Dream-Dove
That fluttered in the air when valiant Love
Over my soul its banner bright unfurled.
What am I thinking? nothing! Heart-of-joy!
But hearing mem'ry from her warm nest sing
A carol of the green and gold robed Spring,
When I forgot I was no more a boy,
When gladness, life, and hope were in the air,
And Beauty's Lady looked from everywhere.

A LAST WORD

A LONE! yes horribly alone tonight,
My aching thoughts run out to where
you are
Off in an alien atmosphere afar
Beyond the senses' touch or ear or sight,
But my lone soul cries out with all its might,
"Let no misfortune her white beauty mar";
And that for you Love's gate may stand ajar,
It drinks the dipper full of pure starlight—
Out of your lips that petal-like enclose
The flaming passion of divine desire,
Let there come forth the living word of fire
That makes us *feel* what only Goodness *knows*,
That makes us think beyond Life's weary plight
May be another world that sets this right.

A FOOT NOTE

LET no one think I love her less because
She failed to find in me the love she sought,
No! whate'er else of me there may be
thought,

My love has never faltered, though full pause
She put to my heart's singing—Broken laws
Are surely paid for when true wisdom's bought,
So why then should she tie a lovers' knot
In my uneven life's thread full of flaws?
Still thinking of her I feel Spring's caress,
I work and wait and pray to nobly strive,
And wish with all my soul that she may thrive
Upon the sunny slope of Happiness.
I may be only dust, but planted there
The thought of her is like a blossom rare.

SONGS AND BALLADS

*What shall be said of these few songs of mine?
Shall they be likened unto scentless weeds,
That grew within the garden land of Thought,
All blossomless, nor in their veins the wine
Of dreams, that quaffed, stirs up to noble deeds,
Whereby mankind to Beauty's shrine is brought?
Even so; yet for these weeds some use may be,
Some use, at last, in thrifty Nature's way—
Who portions out the dark and daylight hours—
Within her crucible of silence, she
May crush them through the changes of decay,
To feed at last the roots of fragrant flowers.*



SONGS AND BALLADS

A LITTLE SONG



H Lady Bird! Ah Lady Bird!
Your lips let slip a little word,
That brought the music of the spheres
Within the compass of my ears,
And set the deathless boy in me
From care and tribulation free
To roam the blue fields of the sky,
And with a liberated eye
The joy of life to comprehend:
Have you not said, you are my friend?

RECOGNITION

YOU sprang into my life like some lost Splendor,
My spirit knew in far off Grecian days,
Now what you will, you may do mar or mend, or
With holy passion kindle to a blaze
My heart impatient of metallic ways.

You may consume me quite to dust and ashes
The wind to blow wherever it may list,
Or with the splendid coruscating flashes
Of matchless eyes dispel the subtle mist
That veils the Duty waiting to be kissed.

At least for one brief moment let me capture
The breathing Visions that your presence brings,
In triumph rushing on with torrent rapture
A chorus of bright Bacchanalian Springs,
Careering wildly on the wind's warm wings.

I know in some far life our minds were gladdened
By one Ideal that possessed them quite,
And then to realize it parted saddened,
The one to left, the other to the right
Till now we meet like moonlight and midnight.

How is it I was conscious of your coming
If as men said the good in me went out,
Say, is it only dreams that now are humming
A strange fantastic melody about
The perfect Love that casteth out all doubt?

A feeble mortal I may be, Fate driven,
Or on Life's checkered board the merest pawn,
A pigmy where a Titan would be riven,
But from my soul I pray I still dream on,
If dreaming so I see through you the Dawn.

The dawn of my desires that through the ages
Have culminated into this, that when
God stampt Tranquility on Time's green pages
The U in it be You, the I be I, and then
No parting through eternity again.

So Lady born of earth and sky and ocean,
Incarnate Beauty with the Truth aglow,
Accept the undivided pure devotion
Of one who loved you many lives ago,
Of one who loves you now, oh! loves you so.

LOVE'S COMING

WHEN first through silence sound was heard,
And Life began to smile,
On wings of light a little word,
When first through silence sound was heard,
Came fluttering earthward like a bird,
To rule and reconcile;
When first through silence sound was heard,
And Life began to smile.

A SONG FOR THE CHILDREN

HARK! in the East how the silence is broken,
Down from the gates of the Night drops the
bar,
Lo! the wind shakes, from the Dawn's trailing garments
Gold flakes of glory, like seeds of a star.
Over the West hang the curtains of darkness,
Solemnly screening the sphinx-face of Fate,
'Twixt Dusk and Dawn, as between two Eternals,
Here for a space we stand hopeful, elate.

Visions of Love, crowned with lotus and laurel,
Vanish as mist in the ambient air,
Up from the earth there ascends sound and odor,
Like a pure incense-winged passionate prayer.
Legends and lore, that Immortals have chanted,
Lift up our minds to unspeakable joy,
While to the sense, that is over the senses,
Whispers the voice of The Carpenter Boy.

Thrilled through and through with desire to be hearing
Duty's divine undeniable call,
Breathless we wait, and with wonder and worship,
Know we are part of the Infinite All.
But hold, O heart! o'er the wide fields of Heaven,
From East to West morning's light is unfurled,
Shout, shout aloud, then, a full-throated pean,
"God's in His Heaven, all's well with the world."

HUSH!

S LUMBER softly babe upon my breast,
Shadows beckon all the world to rest,
Day is dreaming in the arms of Night,
Stars are watching o'er it with delight.

Hush! love's watch I will keep,
Hush-a-bye baby, sleep.

Pillowed softly on the soul of Peace,
You shall dream of lands where sorrows cease,
Where Love lingers clothed in shining youth,
Christ has told us is the garb of Truth.

Hush! love's watch I will keep,
Hush-a-bye baby, sleep.

Folded softly in a perfect calm,
Rest till morning, my heart's own love-lamb,
When Dawn heralds up the heavens run,
Wake and with them hail the rising Sun.

Hush! love's watch I will keep,
Hush-a-bye baby, sleep.

REST THEE

SLUMBER my babe and rest thee awhile,
Night is for dreams and Day is for toil;
 Tomorrow thou wilt hear the birds sing
 Their welcome to the new-born day,
 Tonight the peace that love and faith bring
 Will guard and keep thee safe I pray;
Slumber, slumber, and troubles fly away,
Slumber, slumber, until the dawn of day.

Slumber my babe and rest thee awhile,
Night is for dreams and Day is for toil;
 Tomorrow dance within the sunlight
 That pours from out the heavens above,
 But through the watches of this calm night,
 Lie cradled, babe, within my love;
Slumber, slumber, and troubles fly away,
Slumber, slumber, until the dawn of day.

A THOUGHT

WHEN we dream that we dream, cometh dawn,
 When we doubt that we doubt, cometh death,
 When we hope that we hope, dusk is on,
When we fear *only* fear, we draw breath.

HEIGH-HO

A DREAM built a nest on a branch of Desire,
 (Heigh-Ho for Dream and Desire)
And Life over-head was a white ball of fire
 (Heigh-Ho for Dream and Desire)
It sang to a brood of bright Fancies it hatched,
And Love there with Love was so perfectly matched,
My Heart stood beneath them in silence and watched,
 (Heigh-Ho for Dream and Desire).

My Heart full of Hope stretched itself in the shade,
 (Heigh-Ho for Heart and for Hope)
It slept on a cushion that melody made,
 (Heigh-Ho for Heart and for Hope).
But lo! when it woke there came tears to its eyes,
So slow was the Sun in the east to arise,
So quick to return to its own Paradise,
 (Heigh-Ho for Heart and for Hope.)

The Birds had all fled and the thin branch was bare,
 (Heigh-Ho for Birds and for Branch)
The nest, though disheveled, was hanging still there,
 (Heigh-Ho for Birds and for Branch).
A dull leaden cloud held its station above,
And soft, fleecy, fluttering feathers thereof
Were draping my heart in a white shroud of Love,
 (Heigh-Ho for Birds and for Branch).

A SONG

ACROSS the rainbow bridge of dreams,
My Lady went a-Maying,
And left me on the hither side
Among the graves of hopes that died
And wild desires still baying
The moon of Memory's pale beams.

Across the crystal stream of tears,
My Lady's voice is ringing,
And through the dark aisles of my mind
An echo answers, like a blind
Canary sadly singing
Remembrance of the sunlit years.

MY LADY

SWEETER than music of mermaids at midnight,
Chanting their spells to the soul of the sea,
Sweeter than welcome of wee birds to daylight,
Is your voice to me.

Fairer than Spring's coy glance to the woodlands,
Dimpling with green all the scenes of the lea,
Fairer than froth of the sea to the gray sands,
Is your face to me.

Symbol and sign of the world's fairest features,
Tender as Jesu to Humanity,
Awful as God is to all of his creatures,
Are you, YOU, to me.

TO BEAUTY

AH, come to us! Ah, come to us!
We listen, be not dumb to us,
Imbue us with ambitions that Aspasia's lover
knew,
And having fed our eyes upon
The virgin glory of the Dawn,
Oh, fire us with a passion for the simple strong and true!

Yea, teach us how to speed the plan
Of Brotherhood 'twixt man and man,
And strengthen us against all forms of ugliness to war,
Oh, make our words and works to rhyme,
And help our straying feet to climb
Away up to the mountain tops, where God and quiet
are.

A LITTLE WHISPER

HAVE you heard a little whisper
That is running through the air,
Like a baby's laughing gurgle
Or the Dawn's immortal prayer?
It is breaking like the wavelets
Of a blue Homeric sea
On the lava of volcanic
Hearts, and, who knows, it may be
Just a dream of God made audible
For Nature's lips to sing,
And awaken us and all things
To the Beauty of the Spring.

THE LAST HOPE

BY the tears and triumphs
That the past has put upon us,
By the songs and sorrows
We hold sacred from that trail,
By the Hope of Peace that joined
And heart to heart has drawn us,
Still we cannot but believe
That Beauty must prevail.

Lift your voice in song again
The Future comes to meet us,
With its swinging choruses
Of Joy beyond our ken.
Let your broken heart be healed,
The God of Love shall greet us,
With full recognition
Through the smiling eyes of men.

LOVE

A GLOWING moment hung 'twixt two Eternities;
A finger-post that points to Life's increase;
A winning smile upon the lips of Truth it is;
A light that leads up to the paths of Peace.

A PAGAN LILT

WHERE is any Naiad now
Sunny eyes and snowy brow
Where is Pan?

Lo! a tear-stained Nazarene,
Thorn-crowned has come between
Them and Man.

Where is any son of mirth
That sent songs up from the earth
To the Skies?

Lo! the Sun of Righteousness
Dims and leaveth lustreless
Both his eyes.

Where is Venus all ablaze
With Love's passion that to praise
Made men groan?
Lo! a Virgin without sin
Tells her what she might-have-been
Had she known.

LIFE

A SLEEPING, a waking,
A giving, a taking,
A sigh and a sigh with a smile in between,
A groping, a quaking,
A strife, a forsaking,
Then room for another to scatter and glean.

A LOVE SONG

THERE is no greater honor could befall me
Than having brought a smile to her dear eyes,
There is no wealth the world could shower upon
me

That I, compared to her kind word, would prize.

I wonder if the measure of my longing
To be her servant only, she can know.
Or if she knew, I wonder, would she sometimes
On me a glance of tenderness bestow?

My heart is like a wayward rose that clammers
All night up to the silver gates of Dawn;
Or rather like a pebble by the seashore
The Sun has glorified by shining on.

A TOAST

HERE'S to the Love that lives
In despite of the fears of Hell,
Here's to the hand that gives
From a heart that forgives as well.

Here's to your rising star,
And your soul that through Faith endures,
Here's to the best you are
And the best that can be, be yours.

Here's to the Truth you seem
And the Truth that I fain would be,
Here's to the smiling Dream
We shall follow eternally.

A DUET

SAY what can fairer be, my lass,
Oh, what can fairer be,
Than winds among the bending grass,
A-tripping, lingering, rustling pass,
To dance wi' waves at sea?"

"Oh, think thee it is fairer, lad,
Say can it fairer be,
Than toddling bairnies wi' their dad,
A-making hearts and homes more glad,
Wi' heaven's purity?"

"Oh, I will stay at home, my lass,
Stay at home with thee."
"Lad, then we shall never part,
For my home shall be your heart,
'Till Eternity."

TWO SONGS

AMBITION sang loud in the morning
A song to the music of strife,
It bade me be strong in the battle,
That men in their weakness call Life.

But Peace lilted low in the gloaming,
When dew and the long shadows fell,
It bade my tired heart lean on Patience
And whispered oft, "Friend, all is well."

UNLESS

O LOVE! O Love! can'st thou not see,
My heart for thee now breaks,
By day and night it thinks of thee,
All other thought forsakes;
My heart that as a shield would guard
Thy heart from every foe,
My heart that from all hope is barred,
Unless it as a shield may guard
Thy heart from every foe.

O Love! O Love! could'st thou but know,
My life is all thine own,
Thou would'st not surely pass it so,
It would not be unknown;
My life that would a message send,
Thy life to make more glad,
My Life that must take Death for friend
Unless it can a message send,
Thy life to make more glad.

O Love! O Love! can'st thou not feel
My soul's delight in thine,
The angels see it prostrate kneel,
To thine as to a shrine,
My soul that as a light would shine,
For thine on Sorrow's Sea;
Ah, tears must dim this soul of mine,
Unless it as a light may shine,
For thine on Sorrow's Sea.

LOVE AND LIFE

YOUR love is my daylight and came like the
dawn,
(O Love and O Life you are one)

To flush into glory my soul all your own,
(O Love and O Life you are one).

All nature is now a divine paradise,
And fragrant as roses that blush with surprise,
When morning first opens her laughing blue eyes,
(O Love and O Life you are one).

When time now before us has furrowed my brow,
(O Love and O Life you are one),
Be the bond that shall bind us together as now,
(O Love and O Life you are one).

Beyond the dark shadow that hangs between men,
And the lands that the weary heart sighing calls,
"Then,"

May a light shine to welcome us glorified, when
All Love and all Life are as one.

HER WORDS

A VINE of Truth that flowers with smiles,
And is bedewed with tears!
O'er Wisdom's fathomless defiles

A vine of Truth that flowers with smiles,
Entwines its beauty, and beguiles
My heart of all its fears;

A vine of Truth that flowers with smiles,
And is bedewed with tears.

MY SWEETHEART

MY sweetheart is very sly,
Oh! the pet;
From the corner of her eye,
The coquette,
Sent to my poor heart a glance,
Well, I think, called Cupid's lance,
Leading me a merry dance,
Woe's me yet.

My sweetheart is wondrous fair,
Soul's surprise!
Sifted sunshine in her hair,
And her eyes
Clearer are than filtered light,
Drawn from out the stars of night,
Sprinkled o'er the infinite
Bent blue skies.

To her wrong does not exist,
Guile nor art,
Light and sweetness both have kissed
Her pure heart;
Mingling music up with mirth,
Ever since her blessed birth,
On this glorious, great, green earth,
Is her part.

My sweetheart is nearly four
Years of age,
But of wisdom she has more
Than the sage;
Who a heavy soul has sent,
Into wordy argument,
Or for many a year has bent,
O'er dull page.

From the Giver of all Life,
My soul's star,
He who rules both peace and strife,
Near or far
This one boon I beg for you,
Clear celestial drop of dew,
That he still may keep you true,
As you are.

DEAR HEART

MUSIC that trickles through brook-fairies' fingers,
Stemming the ripples by sunbeams made
bright,
Is not so pure as a clear voice that lingers
On my soul's senses, unstrung with delight.

Air that is tangled among orange blossom,
When Night with dew bathes the fair feet of Day,
Is not so sweet as the breath of her bosom,
Flowing from lips the Truth hallows away.

Silence that was, ere the stars sang together
Heralding "Love and sweet Light and pure Law,"
Can alone tell in this hushed summer weather,
All my heart's love for her—all it's deep awe.

DID YOU BUT KNOW

[FROM THE FRENCH]

AH, did you but know of the tears that I shed,
Because by my fireside there is no fond head,
Before my lone door you would walk, fancy led,
You would pass—
Did you but know.

Ah, did you but know all the look in your eyes
Calls to life in my weary heart heavy with sighs,
Just for once, as you passed, your beloved face would
rise,
You would glance—
Did you but know.

Ah, did you but know of the joy that it brings,
For one heart to find that another heart clings
Close as life's life around it, poised on Love's wings
You would linger—
Did you but know.

Ah, did you but know that you were my heart's goal,
And of my deep love could you fathom the whole,
Perchance pure and maidenly, white arrayed soul,
You would enter—
Did you but know.

RESEMBLANCE

[FROM THE FRENCH]

WOULD you learn what good reason can be
For this infinite deep tenderness,
For this passionate longing? Ah, me!
Vous ressemblez á ma jeunesse.

Your eyes that bewitch me now gleam
With a hope, then again with sadness;
Ah, your whole life seems clad in a dream,
Vous ressemblez á ma jeunesse.

Your brow is as pure and as white
As Parian marble—spotless,
And crowned with a halo of light,
Vous ressemblez á ma jeunesse.

And I offer you humbly each day,
The love that consumes me, no less,
Unheeding you pass on your way,
Vous ressemblez á ma jeunesse.

"AS YOU WERE"

WHEN Hope with humid breath comes whispering,
(And arms are shouldered for the coming fray)

"Forget the strife awhile, beyond today,
Beside a lily-margined well,
Enchanted by a mystic spell,
Fond Love is list'ning to the voice of Spring;"
Then Duty calls out, "As you were."

When Liberty with soul-inspiring voice,
(And arms presented, front the raging fight)
"Step forth and battle only for the right,
Unheedful of the little herd,
Raise up your hand and strongest word
For Truth alone, and in that Truth rejoice."
Then Habit calls out, "As you were."

When Life with heavy sighs says wearily,
(And arms are stacked beside the spent camp fire)
"Brush off the dust of every vain desire
To-day you trampled under foot,
Nor idly think that it will boot
To ponder o'er the past, heigh-ho! Ah me!"
Then Death calls calmly, "As you were."

A PRISONER

I PLUCKED a crop of kisses from the garden of your
face,
And took them to a prisoner I know,
For years, alas, how many, at a steady thudding pace,
In doubt, he has been trudging to and fro.

But when I took your kisses he fell trembling with
surprise,
And at your name stopped, with a sudden start,
And then his lonely cell became to him a Paradise;
The prisoner, dear lady, is my heart.

DREAM BLISS

WHEN on thy face a smile alights,
And twitters round thine eyes,
My soul in dreamy bliss delights,
When on thy face a smile alights,
Rememb'ring not Nirvana nights,
It peeps at Paradise;
When on thy face a smile alights,
And twitters round thine eyes.

BOHEMIA

IN the beautiful land of Bohemia,
Where Common-sense is king,
And where "Happy-go-lucky, Judge-not" is law,
The weather is always Spring;

For its people care nothing for customs old
And fashion reigns not there,
But they cheer up their hearts with the Nation's song
Of "Castles in the Air."

And no matter how cold be the blasts that blow
From poverty's bare mart,
The sufferer always can find a place
In somebody's warm heart;

For the light that was never on land or sea
Is shed from pity's eyes,
And the songs unsung that the poets hear
Are blown from Paradise.

Both the young and the old think alike in this—
The greatest joy is to give,
And their highest ambition and chief desire
Is, fearing naught, to live.

HARMONY

THE wind from the west and the sky covered over
With wavelets of cloud, a fair woman at rest
Beneath an oak tree in a field of sweet clover,
The hand on her neck of a babe at her breast.

A song on her lips and her head bended sidewise,
A lock of loose hair on her forehead half curled,
A smile o'er her face and the look in her calm eyes,
God gives unto mothers alone, in this world.

The music of Life thrilled her heart, as the child lipped
Her breast; the warm air fell in murmuring song,
As bees from the cups of fair scent-laden flowers sipped
Their sweetness a moment, then hurried along.

A bird overhead hushed its clear notes to listen,
A light-footed squirrel to look on advanced,
The sunbeams made even a gray stone to glisten,
A brook trilled its music, the leaves' shadows
danced.

A LOVE LETTER

I PLUCKED a quill from Cupid's wing
And dipped it in the dew,
When Nature wore the mask of Spring
I plucked a quill from Cupid's wing,
When every tree was offering
To God a *billet-doux*
I plucked a quill from Cupid's wing
And dipped it in the dew.

The letter from the dewy quill,
So full of Love's true art,
Was like a morning skylark's trill,
The letter from the dewy quill
Was quite invisible until
You warmed it at your heart,
The letter from the dewy quill
So full of Love's true art.

As red as heart's blood then it shone
Across a page of Fate,
And as it rambled on and on
As red as heart's blood then it shone,
And showed the Hope had had its dawn
That you would be my mate,
As red as heart's blood then it shone
Across a page of Fate.

The Hope is dead long, long ago,
You snapped its Silver cord,
But memory remains, although
The Hope is dead long, long ago,

And in my heart could you but know
The old Love still is lord,
The Hope is dead long, long ago,
You snapped its Silver cord.

IN THE DAYS THAT NEVER COME
TO PASS

I N the lands that lie beyond to-morrow,
I shall woo and win a pretty lass,
And our hearts shall never know a sorrow,
In the days that never come to pass.

Near to babbling brooks of liquid laughter,
We shall roam among the scented grass,
And be happy, happy ever after,
In the days that never come to pass.

Truth will then be not so hard a riddle,
Not as now, seen darkly through a glass,
Love will make for Life a perfect idyl,
In the days that never come to pass.

Thus I sang when faith seemed one with folly,
Days that come to all of us, alas!
Now I think it may be melancholy,
Haunts the days that never come to pass.

SPRING

WHEN the primroses peep forth,
Braving winds from east and north,
And the rain comes helter-skelter with a ring,
When the birds are on the wing,
Much too occupied to sing,
Flirting, fluttering with their mates, then it is Spring.

When the ploughman plods along,
With a sweet old-fashioned song
On his lips, that happy memories must bring,
And a sense of child-like joy,
Makes a man feel like a boy,
As he breathes the keen, sweet air, then it is Spring.

When the clouds all scurry by,
In a far off opal sky,
And old ivy leaves no longer care to cling,
When a thrill runs through the air,
That all Nature seems to share,
And begins to smile forthwith at, it is Spring.

When the roads are moist we tread,
And a man holds high his head
With new life, all-be he commoner or king,
When the bees begin to think
Of the nectar they will drink
From the flowers that soon will come, then it is Spring.

AN AUTUMN IDYL

AT a harvest home,
Like a brazen dome
Seemed the sky to the temple of Love,
With my barns well stored,
To the one adored
I said, "Share of the fullness thereof."

As a girl and boy,
We had known the joy,
Of a romp through the lush bending grass,
Then years rolled along,
Like a lilting song,
Until what I have told came to pass.

When I spoke, she stood,
And let fall her snood,
And a blush like a deep, damask rose,
Over-spread her face,
For a little space,
And I felt my soul tremble, God knows.

Then she crept so near,
I could kiss the tear,
That was christening the smile in her eyes,
And her twittering hand,
Said, "You understand,"
Then I claimed her, my heart's holy prize.

So let others sing
Of the hopeful Spring,
Of the Summer that's wooed by the Sun,
But the Autumn's mine,
With its corn and wine,
And her smile that says, "Lad, we are one."

THE FIRST BORN

O THOU, the most white of the wonders that
wade
Through the dew-land of dawn,
O perfect impression of purity, made
For my soul to lean on,
What dream or what deed in my life was so fair,
That the great God above
Sent thee to reward it and clarify care,
O my lily-clad love?

Not, not that I think that alone I was meant
By thy life to be blest,
I know as a Love-lamp for all, thou wert sent,
In humanity dressed,
To lighten, to brighten, and gently to shed
Helping Hope o'er their years,
And, crowned with a halo of smiles on thy head,
Teach the value of tears.

To speak to their hearts of the beauty of Truth
Of the strength of true Faith,
And unto their souls in the dawn of thy youth
Show the meaning of Death.
So, now to be worthy thy presence most pure,
And thy gracious, glad face,
That they may abide, and through His time endure,
I beseech God for grace,
And wisdom, and patience, illumined by Light,
These, for these do I pray,
To Him who made thee of the calm of the night
And the glory of day.

BROTHERS

'N EATH the flag that is burdened with Crosses,
And the flag that if brightened with Stars,
We can walk o'er the wide world together,
And conquer by Venus and Mars.

And wherever we go our proud boast is
That whatever we touch we adorn,
Have we not brought the blessings of Freedom
To a land of perpetual morn?

With the pride that becometh strong peoples,
In our hearts we thank God none the less,
In the language of Shakespeare and Lincoln,
We come of a race that says, Yes!

GRUMPY'S SONG

D O a little, dream a little,
Fight or leave unfought;
What you do or leave undone
Is at last forgot.
Eat a little, drink a little,
Why run on so fast?
At the end of every lane
There's a grave at last!

THE BALLAD OF A BOUQUET

I SEND off a little bouquet
I plucked in my garden nearby,
And envy its lot that it may
Surprisingly catch her kind eye.
For then, if it does, will she try
A moment or two to disclose
Its real *raison d'être* and why
A lily, a poppy, a rose.

Perhaps she will smilingly say,
"Here Hope goes to sleep with a sigh
Of Passion," or "Springtime at play
With drowsy abandoned July;"
Perhaps for awhile fondle my
Frail gift tenderly, and who knows,
At peace on her breast let it lie,
A lily, a poppy, a rose.

Or will she just toss it away
And leave it to wither and die,
Preoccupied with the cold grey
Fixed stars in her luminous sky,
Absorbed in the changeless and high,
Forgetting the earth where there grows
Unheeded and yet oh so nigh,
A lily, a poppy, a rose?

L'ENVOI

That you, Lady dear, typify
Both Purity, Love, and Repose,
Is the thought the bouquet would imply—
A lily, a poppy, a rose.

THE BALLAD OF SILENCE

THE Sun shook out his gold red hair,
And in the downy, dreamy west,
Bent low his Titan head in prayer,
Ere sinking down in state to rest;
Then o'er the fields in twilight dressed,
The dusky siren Silence crept,
Safe hidden in her tawny breast,
The mystery of Fate was kept.

She held within her finger tips,
Brought from a faded eastern clime,
A musk-rose from a mummy's lips,
That to her own, from time to time
She pressed, when some heart-throb sublime
Sought utterance, for those who wept,
Seeing that in no empty rhyme
The mystery of Fate was kept.

A flock of bats around her head,
In interwoven circles flew,
Mayhap with message from the Dead,
Beyond the fields of dawn and dew;
Or were they souls the world once knew,
Who, while they should have watched, but slept,
And so forever from their view,
The mystery of Fate was kept.

L'ENVOI

Ah! brothers, who are more than kind,
When Time's encircling wall is leapt,
Shall we not say, "Lest we grew blind,
The mystery of Fate was kept"?

THE BALLAD OF FAME

THOUGH ye are strong in body, lithe in limb,
Though ye are throated like an ox in might,
Though ye are full of valor and of vim,
Though ye are fearless and arrayed for fight,
Though ye are at your great ambition's height,
Though ye have made your world stand in amaze,
Remember this before ye feel Death's blight,
The breath of Fame is faint in future days.

Though by the student's lamp your eyes grow dim,
Though o'er the page of lore ye bend by night,
Though ye have famished till your frame grew slim,
Though ye have taught of "sweetness and of light,"
Though with the laurel-leaves your brows are dight,
Though in your ears ye hear the song of praise,
Remember this before ye feel Death's blight,
The breath of Fame is faint in future days.

Though ye have faced the nameless terrors grim,
Though ye have passed the tempter's kiss and bite,
Though ye have chanted with the cherubim,
Though to the Sun ye soared with eagle's flight,
Though ye have thought ye saw the only Right,
Though ye are blinded thereby as ye gaze,
Remember this before ye feel Death's blight,
The breath of Fame is faint in future days.

L'ENVOI

Prince, pedant, priest, to be a whole man quite,
Soul, mind, and body sue in equal ways,
Remember this before ye feel Death's blight,
The breath of Fame is faint in future days.

CONTRASTS AND CONCEITS



CONTRASTS AND CONCEITS

A SKETCH



UPON a blank page of Eternity,
In lightning flashes and in shades
of night,
God drew a sketch of Life, its
weakness, might,
Hopes, fears, and failures, struggles
to be free,
Its deeds like islands set in thought's deep sea,
Its dreams, that soothe with visions of delight,
The masses waiting for the keen quick bite
Of Death, that feeds on Wisdom's fruitful tree:
Sins with the open eyes of smiling youth,
And virtues with the crooked hands of toil,
Pleasures that crush the Soul within their coil,
And pains that bleach it pure and white as Truth;
But when the Artist saw what he had done,
He crumpled it and threw it in the Sun.

THE IDEAL

WITHIN a perfect circle of pure light,
 More brilliant than the blaze of brightest
 Sun,
 Above desiring for herself, stands one,
 Self-centered, with white lilies all bedight;
 And knowing all makes use of her great might,
 To lift the lowly, and leave lonely none
 Who seek for Truth, while yet there sands may run
 Through passion's day or penitence's night.
 And though on earth our minds may not conceive,
 How passing perfect is her peerless face,
 Forth flashing glory, garnered from her soul,
 Yet in Life after life, we do believe,
 That we shall gaze upon her crowned with grace,
 And in her presence grow complete and whole.

THE OLDEST ART

A DAVID'S harp unto the soul of Saul,
Is she, the oldest, vitalest of arts,
To all tormented, striving, human hearts,
Hemmed in and shadowed o'er by Time's dark wall.
In her clear voice, did not the wisest call,
Sad Æschylus of old, and Sophocles—
The leaders of the world in wisdom's ways—
And William Shakespeare, greatest of them all?
O God! how grand a thing for one to know,
That in the mighty harness they have made,
And led in reverence by the lines they hold,
He strives to drag away the weight of woe,
That sin and ignorance upon men laid,
And bound there with the cursed love of gold.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY

L O, in the east, crowned with the rising sun,
 Confucius spoke, "Through Law comes
 Liberty,
 Through what ye are not, learn ye what to be,
 Through what ye may not, learn what should be done;"
 And down the ages rang that voice, till one,
 Prince Buddah, before whom men bowed the knee,
 Stepped down to them and said, "Equality,
 Yea, in Nirvana, out of pure souls spun."
 Last came the crystal-clear absorbing Christ,
 Above all others, faultless, fair, and free,
 Saying, "Our Father," claimed Fraternity,
 And to make good that claim, with death made tryst;
 Each lived the thought that to the world he taught,
 And worshipped God by works that he had
 wrought.

HAMLET BORN

BESIDE the couch where his young girl-wife lay
In trembling pity Denmark's good King
stood,
The King forgotten in the father's mood,
While wiping from her brow the damp away;
Upon the throne, deserted for that day,
Mad Yorick sat in silence, sad, alone,
With dreams and fancies, had the world but known,
It might have laughed or wept at, one dare say.
Outside, old Death stood by the wild, joy fires,
Hamlet, that hailed thy birth, and at their blaze
Warming his withered hands, foresaw thy days,
Foresaw the end of shameless sin's desires,
Foresaw thy anxious soul's sore misery,
And smiling to himself said, "H-m, for me."

SHYLOCK DEAD

ALONE and broken-hearted, with the dew
 Of Death upon his eyelids and his eyes—
 The mist that hangs on this side Paradise—
 He called upon the Mighty One he knew,
 The God of Abraham and Isaac, who
 Could come to him, on flaming wings of fire,
 And grant at last his weary soul's desire,
 So let him die as he had lived—a Jew.
 Where his long suffering tribe no base badge wear,
 But walk in shining robes of glory drest,
 Where psalms and songs float ever on the air,
 Old Shylock sought and found eternal rest;
 Found her he long had yearned for, waiting there,
 Found sweet content and peace, on Leah's breast.

HEDDA GABLER

A SAPPHO soul astray in Saga lands,
By hungry fears of bondage driven to bay;
Above her dead Ideals, saw the gray
Calm face of Fate that wholly understands.
Then with despairing but unfettered hands,
O'er which the torch of License shed a ray
Of blood, she in abandon dashed away
From Life its hour-glass with the running sands.
With will-o-wisps of Freedom burning pale
Around her bier, and the discredited
Wan Dream of Joy with vine leaves on its head
Chief mourner, does she know now if her goal
Holds yet another chance for those who fail
To learn earth's noblest lesson,—Self-control?

HESTER PRYNNE

A FRAGRANT tear-dewed blossom blowing in
 A Heaven-haunted Hell, swayed by the
 breath
 Of Sorrow's most pathetic song of Death,
 The broken-hearted christen, "Might-Have-Been;"
 Such was the Love arrayed in Scarlet Sin,
 Forever damned the Hebrew Prophet saith,
 That for awhile exhaled a living Faith
 To cheer the tortured soul of Hester Prynne.
 Poor Hester Prynne, who took a broken law
 And set its jagged crystals as a jewel
 In the rich gold of pure Fidelity,—
 Who knows, but high in Heaven the good God saw
 A thing of Beauty, where the little school
 Of men saw only worthless misery.

PLAYING WITH FIRE

SHE tossed, from hand to hand, with juggler's skill,
For many a year the burning hearts of men,
And watched with half-shut eyes them quiver,
when

They fluttered past each other to fulfill
Her flip's orbit, inattentive till,
With quickened touch, again and yet again
In closing circles they would blaze, and then
To ashes turn, consumed with thoughts that kill.
But gazing on those fatal lights so long—
Although mischance as yet did never mar
With blist'ring burn or an unseemly scar,
Her peerless face that still is as a song—
Her eyes have lost the precious power to see
The line of Beauty in Simplicity.

HEART TO HEART

FOR many a day I strove to weave a cage,
From thoughts that grew at naming of thy
name,
Best known to me but not unknown to Fame,
Who smiling o'er it, writes it on her page;
But when my mind would in this task engage,
A soft delicious Dream, wing-clad, makes claim
On its attention, saying, "Whence she came
I go, come join me in my pilgrimage."
Yet fain would I that cage complete, and close
Therein a singing bird, whose song should be
As fresh as kisses to the land from sea,
And warm as perfume from a perfect rose,
"What songster, Sir," you say, "has such an art?"
Hush! tell it to your heart, "It is his heart."

POVERTY

HAIL! Poverty, severe as thou art great,
Thou mighty midwife of eternal minds,
Accept the homage of a man, who finds
In thee the handmaid of omniscient Fate;
I, weakling of thy blood, am no ingrate,
And while I live will praise thee, who unbinds
The body from the soul, and sifts and grinds
The good from bad, and gives to each, estate.
Out, on the little crew who call thee cursed,
Fed on a silver spoonful of delight,
They never in thy rugged arms were nursed,
Or heard the beating of thy heart by night.
What if they quaff the wine of pleasure? Thine,
The milk of human kindness, drink divine.

DEATH

MY name is Death, some know me as the Dawn,
Upon the western walls of Time I stand,
Before men's eyes I wave a magic wand,
With "*Heart's Desire*" they say writ large thereon;
Weak men whose souls with fearful doubts are gnawn,
Catch sight of me and smile, the strong are fanned
By music from the movement of my hand,
And into seeming peace are gladly drawn.
Yet none shall learn the mysteries that lie
Behind my back, until they cease to see
The green, grey garment of the things that be,
And all the white-winged wonders of the sky.
Enough to know and this unasked I give,
I guard the home of Hope for all who live.

SORROW'S CROWN

LIKE to a bird that's drifted far from land,
A bird whose mate still twitters in the trees,
Not dreaming of that heart upon the seas,
Beating its life out in a struggle grand,
To reach again the golden-grained sand;
Nor nest, nor nestling it again ere sees,
But with glazed eyes, it thinking still of these,
Sinks down into the hollow of God's hand.
So is that man who for a short life's space
On finite wings of puny thought does roam
Afar from Truth, and Truth is Beauty's home,
Who seeks to cross the Infinite, and trace,
By seeming facts, the mystery of fate,
But dies at last while crying out—too late.

TALENT

WITHIN the circus ring of circumstance,
In tarnished trapping, many years since,
brought

By conquest from the Arab tents of Thought,

An ambling Soul is made to pace or prance,

Kneel, nod, or caper in a clever dance,

Aye, in a word, show all the little lot

Of laughing tricks, that even done are naught,

And scarce worth Fate, the great ring-master's glance.

Yet, in the intervals between the play,

A wild desire, to be for once quite free,

To roam at large, to browse beneath the tree

Of Knowledge, comes and stings as gad-fly may;

Still, nimbly, when the next performance comes,

It answers to the call of trump and drums.

GENIUS

FROM far off lonely peaks of virgin snow,
 Relentlessly forever onward pressed,
 From glade to glen, from canyon to the crest
 Of jutting crag, from plain to vast plateau,
 Forever on, in haste or crawling slow,
 A snake-like river winds down to its nest
 In the wide sea, whose unpolluted breast
 The pulsing tide heaves ever to and fro.
 After its weary course at last is run,
 After the thirsty roots of Life's green tree
 Have sucked its waters of Divinity,
 At last it shall be kissed up by the Sun
 To form a cloud to shade, a shower to bless
 The lands that knew not of its first caress.

IDLE WORDS

THE idle empty words that I may speak,
Where go they on the boundless sea of sound,
What shall they seem, when presently I round
Life's utmost jagged tempest-riven peak?
Shall this lie rotting like a wreck aleak,
And that, like flying-fish make sudden bound
Truth-winged, to sink into the deeps profound,
And wear a rusty smile that seems to creak?
Some day I know that they shall all be met,
Each one a vacant-eyed reproachful elf,
Grinning in chorus, "Lo! I am thyself
Forgotten, now forgetting to forget"—
Ah, brother! wound me not with mocking laugh,
Is God less mighty than a phonograph?

PECCA VI

O SWEET Immortals, ye whose lives are white,
 Among whose shining ranks I hoped to
 stand,

When dreaming youth with Love walked hand in
 hand

Across the scented fields of morning light;

Astray, and straying past recall and sight

Of even your melodious bright band,

My wandering feet are caught in the quick-sand

Of Death, and hopeless change in changeless night.

Not from the rocks of earth, but from the flint

Hard hearts of men an echo, to my call

For help, comes, mocking my soul's funeral,

With vain, vain repetitions without stint.

Is there no hope through all eternity?

Peccavi, God'a mercy e'en on me.

A CHRISTIAN

GOD laid a Sceptre of white lilies on
The shoulder of his Soul, as lightly as
A sunbeam touches Springtime's tender
grass,

And bade him rise a Knight, sworn to the wan
Fair thorn-crowned Christ, and sworn to neither fawn
Nor falsely bend the knee to the dense mass
Of faithless ones, but with Love's banner pass
Amongst them, with the sword of Hate undrawn.
Heard by his heart, a Still Small voice doth cheer
And comfort him, in trying times and ways,
And little children sing him songs of praise,
Yea when at last with gently falling tear,
Death leaves him on the footsteps of the Throne
A nail-pierced Hand shall claim him for Its Own.

A CANNIBAL

DEEP in the jungle of a city's streets,
 With other wild untamable sad things,
 A man who might have held high
 court with Kings
 Of Thought, roams aimlessly, and greets
 Each tardy morning with the smile Death meets
 When kissing some defiant skull, and flings
 All hope of hope into the wind, that sings
 A requiem o'er a world of shows and cheats.
 Then in the lonely caverns of the night
 Where weird unholy fancies hoot and caw,
 Dark rebels to the primal voice of Law,—
 He hides himself from even God's clear sight
 He thinks, and being thus alone, apart,
 Eats out his palpitating bleeding heart.

A REFORMED RAKE

UNSELFISH tenderness and loving care
He brings his wife, and calmly strives to
 please
Her every wish, and though her faults he sees
Yet he is tolerant, and seeks to spare
Her from the knowledge that he knows them there,
 These little faults that often are the lees
Of that pure pleasure wedded bliss can squeeze
From out the dead-side fruit of Time's despair.
Reformed he is, and upright, yes as Truth,
 But happy? never! Why? because, forget
 He cannot, that his heart had been
Cremated on the passions of his youth;
So nightly now he scours with bloody sweat
And that heart's ashes his poor conscience
 clean.

A MAGDALEN

FLOGGED thither by lust's desecrating fire,
 The ghosts of unfledged races find a tomb
 Within her hollow unproductive womb,
 A half burned crater of blown-out desire,
 Where mystery was bartered for small hire—
 Where God's life-secret to create should room
 As deep a mystery of awful gloom
 Now lies and on the urn Love's broken lyre.
 Virtues, like stepping stones to solemn rest,
 Mark the volcano spent, the gen'rous Sun
 Does sometimes gild it with its gold fine spun
 In Nature's loom of loveliness, at best
 Some nodding scarlet poppies on it grow,
 But fragrant warm bright blushing roses—no.

MARRIAGE

WITHIN the lonesome depths of awful night,
I met the wild barbaric Past of me,
Firm-jawed and fearless, unabashed and
free,
And deathless prayers and passions flashed a light
From out Her level eyes, that straight did smite
My listening soul with question, "Shall you be,
Or through a dawnless dim eternity
With unavailing shadows take your flight?"
Quick from the central confines of my soul,
A voice rose clearly in commanding calm,
"Beloved, kiss me and behold I am,
Yea, but embrace me, we are one and whole."
Strange, now, a-down the dream-lit aisles of space
I see the Future watching with Her face.

A VALENTINE

HAD it the power, the voice that speaks to you
 Would cuddle up and in your heart's lap fall,
 Like some delicious gushing madrigal,
 You first heard, wading ankle-deep in dew
 Within the morning of a Dream, on new
 Untrodden continents of Hope, where all
 Unheeding Youth stands at the beck and call
 Of Love enthroned in gold and green and blue.
 Alas, no alchemist of art is nigh
 To cunningly transmute by fire divine
 This verse into a silver-throated song,
 Yet word to word is hyphenated by a sigh
 Of longing to be thought a valentine
 For your Soul singing as it jogs along.

THE FIRST KISS

I PLEDGE myself life-deep to keep the thought
That rose dawn-robed when first her lips
touched mine
In perfect purity, it seemed a sign
That God for me a miracle had wrought
And out of all my discords safely brought
A tune where dreams with nobler deeds combine.
It seemed to give my hand a silver line
To lead me to the Shrine of Peace I sought;
It drenched in moonlight all the Past and shed
A golden glory on the Future's face,
It tore a crown of thorns from Love's bent head,
And Hope's bright diadem put in its place;
It showed the meaning of unending strife,
It was in very truth a breath of Life.

THE LAST KISS

AS fragrant balm from far off isles of Bliss
 Is welcomed by wayfarers as they go
 Elysium-ward, so too I seem to know,
 Through some unknown keen sense, that all of this
 Rough sea of Life leads on to that which is—
 For after this I shall, come weal or woe,
 Remember always how she came to throw
 A light on Life hereafter with her kiss;
 Not on the lips as when of old we met,
 Nor cheek, nor eyes, nor hand, but just the place,
 I think in Love-mad May-time she prized most
 Upon my brow, now clammy with the sweat
 Of pallid Fate's implacable hot chase—
 The first kiss had a perfected white ghost.

A FARCE

THE noon of night was canopied with awe,
And darkness dense, unbroken by a
beam

Of hopeful light, made silence almost seem
An arm to lean on and a mouth to draw
Close to my ear for comfort, when I saw,
As if in burning brimstone's bluish gleam,
A meagre unbaptized persistent Dream
Arise, and write upon the air the Law
Of Harvest—"Ye shall reap what others sow.

Yea, as ye sow, so shall another reap,
For in a winding-sheet of last year's snow
Ye wrap the Future up from face to feet,
And plant upon its grave some longings sparse
That by-and-by shall look on as a farce."

LONELINESS

HIS heart is a wind-swept desert wide,
 And in the crater of the empty well
 Of Truth is blown the withered asphodel
 Of Purity, that crowned the crucified;
 Three crosses mark the place whereon they died,
 Faith, Hope, and Charity, who heard their knell
 Ring in that bleak and barren burnt-out hell,
 Where now but ghostly memories abide.
 No tree gives branch to be old age's crutch,
 No star shines there to guide where day is not,
 No loving hand brings comfort with a touch,
 But Life prays sullenly to be forgot,
 And pass beyond the reach of human ken,
 Till Death shall whisper with white lips "Amen."

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE

I SAW, or was it heard, I cannot tell,
A Dream-song dying at the birth of Dawn,
I cannot tell for every sense was drawn
Into the focus of a mystic spell
That left them awe-struck huddled up pell-mell;
I know I felt illusive sweetness gone
Away beyond my reach, and thereupon
I wept and woke immersed in the light-well
Of morning; then a strange reaction came,
I seemed to be no longer quite alone,
As in the old times full of shame and blame,
A presence I had never before known
Was by my side, I thought, the whole day long,
I wonder if it was the dead Dream-song.

A LIFE SENTENCE

WITH bandit touch my eyes made bold with you
 One night beneath Bohemia's blue skies,
 When straight the hand-cuffs of your steely
 eyes

Arrested them and made me prisoner too.

A willing captive, I was made to do

Obeisance, being led in sweet surprise

Within a palpitating Paradise

Where old Ideals were upraised anew.

There for a span, where time was quite forgot,

I fed on kisses culled by holy wells

Of thought, I heard your words chime like the bells

Of Morning's Sabbath ere sin was begot.

I fell asleep in radiant despair,

I wake to find my soul still prisoned there.

HOPE DEFERRED

O HEAVY eyes that ache with unshed tears,
Fixed steadfast on the blaze of a Belief,
A Shadow, like an ancient god's grey grief,
Has lain upon your lids these many years;
Poor quivering lips, nigh parted by the fears
That fain would laugh between, not yet relief
For you, not yet, in an intense, bright, brief,
Full-flushed, triumphant kiss, when Truth appears.
Is it great wonder that the once strong heart
Has grown numbed, nerveless, in the dim twilight
Of unremunerative Time? The bite
Of Death would welcomed be, for blood would start
Once more in a red rush, wer't but to cease
And be absorbed in an unconscious peace.

"A MOMENT'S MONUMENT"

GREY skies are dismal thoughts and nothing
 done;
 Heart look to it or ere the hour be spent,
 Something shall stand for this day's monument,
 Some error conquered, some new life begun,
 Some flower of Faith peep forth to greet the sun,
 Some dove-like Hope come back, that once was
 sent
 Out o'er the floods of doubting discontent,
 Though of the olive's branches it bears none;
 Beat to the tune the stars sang, when of old
 "Peace and good-will" first fell on mortal ears,
 And, set in an aureola of tears,
 The shining face of smiling Love behold;
 All failing else, in passionate despair
 Trudge on, resolved to be something somewhere.

HEREDITY

A RESTLESS outlaw left the city's din,
And sought, he knew not why, in green clad
fields,

The rest, quiet Nature to her children yields,
Sore burthened by their heavy hearts within;
By chance he met, or e're the night set in,

A maiden, with the dawn's light in her eyes,
Who listened to his voice in mute surprise,
And loved him for his strength and knew no sin.
Back to the city went the lawless man,

And by his side this woman, whose soft words
Were sweeter than the music of song birds,
Who bore a child and suffered for a span;
Then heard the Voice that bids all sorrows cease,
So, smiling, passed into the land of Peace.

II.

From her son's son, in half a hundred years,
 A cripple came, whose body held a soul,
 That paid to Time, in silence, the grim toll
 Revengeful Fate had fashioned out of tears—
 A soul that rose above all body's fears,
 And felt a calm, beyond its own control
 To mar or make, directing to the goal
 Where perfect Life, Love's perfect music hears.
 An erring father's sins we know shall pass
 Unto his children's children, may not these
 Fair virtues of our mothers still come back,
 And bring with them the perfume of the grass,
 The lisp of leaves on consecrated trees,
 The feeling for the Infinite we lack?

A VAGUE REPORT

IF haply one might pass the bourne of dross,
Of futile strife, of dead unfinished deeds,
Of jangling jealousies, of barren creeds,
Of dreamy quagmires overgrown with moss;
And, casting all aside, ne'er count it loss
Again, but, following where Love still leads,
Would he hear suddenly, amid green meads,
The voice of Conscience preaching with her Cross?
So, in the haunted chambers of unrest,
Where fevered Life gropes blindly for release,
And cheats itself with will-o'-wisps of peace,
A rumor runs, that racks each tortured breast
With strivings to recall resplendent days
When Hope, with peering eyes, spoke words of
praise.

THE PROMPTER

INTO the lowly valley of my life,
Where dreams and fancies dance in idle play,
Love came and with a zephyr-voice did say
"What kind of woman would you woo for wife?"
I answered tremblingly because the strife
Of being made me pause: "Had I my way
The might of knowledge and the mirth of May
Would make her face with fascination rife,
Her eyes would have the light of Love's own hue,
Her hair the falling waves of perfect rest
To lull me into peace upon her breast
And leave me listening to her heart-beats true,"
And then Love said: "Her Soul would be a voice
That whispered 'Labor and in that rejoice.'"

DREAM-PASTURES

A FLOCK of Dreams in dignified repose,
 Within the flowering pastures of her face,
 Where Faith has set the light of mystic
 grace,
 Lie waiting for the voice of him who knows
 The lonely peaks of Truth, o'ercapped with snows
 That warmly shelter the pure hiding place
 Of Love, waiting for yet a little space
 For him, whose voice shall somehow seem a rose.
 Ah, brother, somewhere on your holy quest,
 Tonight you travel on to meet the light,
 Could you but hear my call, fleet as thought's
 flight,
 Your feet would bring you here, and as a guest
 Full welcome, you would join the song those Dreams
 Strike from the harp-strings of divine star-beams.

TO THOSE I LOVE

WHEN you are old and talk with soft slow tongue
 Around your chair some autumn night,
 maybe,
 Your children's children, gathered at your knee,
Will call to mind a word that you heard sung
Away off in the moon-lit past among
 The haunts of men, and you'll say tenderly,
 Half to yourself, unmindful of their glee,
 "Ah, Donald sang for me when I was young."
I shall be then beyond the call of man,
 Quite done with gladness or its shadow grief,
Commingled with the elemental Life;
But now, here in the thickness of the strife,
I borrow from the future while I can,
 And joy heart-deep in that child-like belief.

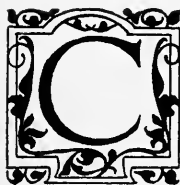
RHYMES AND RUNES





RHYMES AND RUNES

CUPID'S JEST



CUPID came in cap and bells
To the court of Love,
In among the Dawn's green dells,
Cupid came in cap and bells
To the place where Venus dwells,
And threw down a glove;
Cupid came in cap and bells
To the court of Love.

Challenged Venus' retinue
To defend her fame,
As a ringing blast he blew,
Challenged Venus' retinue,
Said a fairer one he knew—
Psyche was her name;
Challenged Venus' retinue
To defend her fame.

To a thing in motly drest
 None would deign reply,
Thinking it an idle jest,
To a thing in motley drest
Queenly Venus from her breast
 Sent howe'er a sigh;
To a thing in motley drest
 None would deign reply.

Cupid heard the sigh and felt
 Pity dim his eyes,
And his heart began to melt,
Cupid heard the sigh and felt
He should kneel, so down he knelt
 Doffing his disguise;
Cupid heard the sigh and felt
 Pity dim his eyes.

For the sake of bye-gone days
 Knelt he thus so low,
While her court stood in amaze,
For the sake of bye-gone days
When to gain from her some praise,
 He had bent his bow;
For the sake of bye-gone days
 Knelt he thus so low.

Wearied out with what men say
 In Desire's control,
Somehow from that very day,
Wearied out with what men say,
In a strange and unknown way
 Venus found a Soul;
Wearied out with what men say
 In Desire's control.

Far more beautiful she grew
 Noble men attest,
 Formed of sea-foam, fire, and dew,
 Far more beautiful she grew,
 And has power now to imbue
 Worshippers with rest;
 Far more beautiful she grew
 Noble men attest.

With the sunlight on his head
 Cupid kissed his hand,
 Stretched his wings lark-like and sped,
 With the sunlight on his head,
 Yea with song the good news spread
 Over all the land,
 With the sunlight on his head
 Cupid kissed his hand.

BODY AND SOUL

AN Atom and a Spirit met
 In cloudland's cosmic bed,
 Beliefs opposing alphabet
 An Atom and a Spirit, met
 And made one, who does not forget
 In him they two are wed;
 An Atom and a Spirit met
 In cloudland's cosmic bed.

FOLLOW THE LEAD

BOTH in and out,
And round about,
To Nature's changing tune,
The Month's have danced,
And skipped and pranced,
Till July's near to June.

By mossy creek,
And icy peak,
At follow-lead they've played,
Now witching May,
Across the clay,
Runs after April's shade.

The laughing Sun,
His work well done,
From his wide realm looks down,
And sees June wear,
Twined in her hair,
His roses for a crown.

But bold July,
With jealous eye,
Says, "Turn, your Majesty,"
Alas! Alack!
Just at her back,
Says August, "Turn to me."

And then ere long,
With chime and song,
In nature's ermine, snow,

A joyous band
Will countermand
The cry of those that go.

In roses white
And red bedight,
Still June in glory glows,
And yet awhile
She wears his smile,
The Sun's smile, a red rose.

THE DAWN FAIRY

A FAIRY came from out the land
Of fair-faced dreams, it held a wand
Of scented sunbeams in it's hand—
Upon it's head a coronet
Of silvery thistle down, beset
With dew drops from a violet.
The robes of mist in which 'twas dressed,
Dye from a maiden's blushes pressed
Had tinted pearly pink. It's breast
Was beautiful as Youth; it's feet
With fire-flies wings were shod that beat
The air to music. Sweet, Oh, sweet
To me, as Light to Life, were those
Pure notes that like faint odor rose
And fell around me. Ere their close
The Fairy vanished, but though gone
It left a voice that smote upon
My heart the words, "I was your Dawn."

THE DEVIL'S DREAM

THE Devil, aweary once, fell asleep on
The bank of the River of Tears,
And dreamed of the deeps of delight that were
his
Ere Time was told off into years.

Ere man was yet made, or he made to make man
See good above all is the best,
When Law was called Love, and when Light lay on all
Like a crown, to rest upon rest.

Well, a vision of virtue from out of that past,
Like mist from a marsh of the sea,
Rose up in his dream, and seemed fair unto him
As of old,—and he yearningly

Smiled to it, leaned out his soul to it, when, lo!
A bird in a clump of dark oak,
Burst forth into song, and his vision was gone,
He heard it, and cursing awoke.

“Out, out on you bird!” he cried, “No song of yours
Again shall be heard in the light,
In the dark you shall mourn alone, and be called
The nightingale—bird of the night.”

Thus came it that music with starlight was wed,
To herald an incoming morn,
For that bird by night sings even now, “Out of
The Darkness called Death, Life is born.”

But the Devil with suffering upturned eyes,
Since waking at sound of that song,
In lone haunted places upon the wind cries,
“How long, O my Master, how long?”

CREATION

IN vast and unimagined space,
 Ere Life or Death was born,
 Ere Time had lined the baby face
 Of Hope, not yet forlorn,

On trailing clouds of sobbing sound,
 God lay asleep and dreamed,
 Upon His lips a soft breath found
 The sight word, Love. It beamed

Forth into Light when He awoke,
 And bade Creation come,
 Wailing died Chaos as He spoke
 The words, "Behold Love's home."

The echo of the wailing cry
 Tired hearts hear and call Sorrow;
 The Harper calls Love, Harmony;
 The Painter calls Love, Beauty;
 The Poet calls Love, God.

A RED-LETTER NIGHT

I N her dream-nest built from the blossoms of Art,
We sat and chatted the hours away,
And in someway or other, it seemed the heart
Of each to each had a word to say,
Or a little tune to softly play.

As a matter of fact, but a month ago
The lady had never heard my name,
Now behold, on our minds was the golden glow
That comes from the give-and-taking game
Of friendship,—little I gave, more blame!

Though alike we liked much as the other did
Is true, be it music, books, or men,
Yet I scarcely think that that lifted the lid
From each of our lives and told us when
To gently cover them up again.

No, I really think, if the truth were known,
There stood by the elbow of each mind,
The attentive ghost of a sorrow outgrown,
That left for legacy this behind,
The wish to be humbly just and kind.

But be that as it may, this I surely know,
So the why and wherefore matters not,
That my Soul drifted out on an undertow
Of unvoiced feeling, to that bright spot
Where sordid worry is quite forgot.

To say that I thank her is only mere words,
 I do, though, nevertheless, and make
 This beside (did I hear the new Spring's birds?)
 A promise to self to calmly take
 New hope, because of that evening's sake.

A PROTEST

I AM sick of weak-kneed nagging nothings,
 So full-filled with regret and reform,
 They whose loves are as vain as their loathings,
 And whose thoughts at the best are lukewarm.

They have drugged the desires of ambition,
 As an opiate deadens the brain,
 And have stung spotless virtue's volition
 With an irritant, itch-aching pain.

For what use then should I longer stay them,
 These poor withered wasps of last night?
 From the weeds, not the flowers, surely they came,
 Not to beautify, only to blight.

Let us up then and off with the morning,
 Let us fly, O my heart, let us fly,
 To the lands that the dawn is adorning,
 Where to live is not daily to die.

THE FIRST DREAM

I HAVE fluttered down the ages,
Since beneath the Eden tree,
With her head erect and looking
Down the days that were to be,
Stood the woman, Eve, the chosen,
Blest as only women are,
With a mystery about her
Like the stillness round a star,
In her fragile hands she held me
As a bird is held to fly,
And a little sound of weeping
Was commingled with Good-bye,
As unlacing her thin fingers
She outstretched her arms in prayer,
And I set sail on my journey
Down the unwinged virgin air—
I, the Dream of Eve, the Mother
Of the generations vast
Who have danced away the Springtimes
And the Autumns of the past;
I, the Dream of Eve, who may not
Fold its wings, until there rise
On this earth a man as perfect
As the vision in her eyes,
When alone she stood in Eden
And beheld on Earth's green sod
Her descendant standing fearless,
In the likeness of his God.

TO A FRIEND

COME tell us, pray, where did you get the grace,
Of that perennial youth that gilds your
heart?

Not surely in the sooty ways of men,
Where man is bought and sold as in a mart;
Come tell us, pray.

How comes it that your heart to hope gives ear,
When everywhere vice cries out, trumpet loud,
"Fair Virtue's dead, her ghost, King Death, has wed,
And given her for a trousseau, his white shroud";
How comes it so?

Are you made strong within that home of yours,
Where she, the gracious mistress of old grace,
Sits by twin vital fountains of delight,
And with pure love bathes sorrow from your face;
Is it e'en so?

Howe'er it is, it has been mine to know
And taste the kindness of your gen'rous soul,
It has been mine to hear you say, "God speed",
Now passing by your way I pay this toll—
Howe'er it is.

"A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY"

WHEN lilies of the valley ring
 Their fairy chimes to madcap May,
I hear the voice of Cupid sing.

I seem to be obliged to fling
 All sorrow from my heart away,
When lilies of the valley ring.

And as the orchestra of Spring
 At Nature's nod begins to play,
I hear the voice of Cupid sing.

Coquettish hopes on level wing
 Come back once more to hear his lay,
When lilies of the valley ring.

When all around me everything
 Shakes perfume from its bright array,
I hear the voice of Cupid sing.

From east to west when Love is king,
 Earth, sea, and sky each seems to say,
"When lilies of the valley ring
I hear the voice of Cupid sing."

PHRYNE AND THE FOOL

O DAUGHTER of a perverse Fate,
 Whose soul laughs at its fell decree,
 Say art thou now disconsolate?

Dost thou remember at the gate
 Of Life we lingered dreamily,
 O daughter of a perverse Fate?

The leaves of Spring in Autumn's grate
 Blazed when Love touched us stealthily,
 Say art thou now disconsolate?

Or is it only I who prate,
 Of past delights incessantly,
 O daughter of a perverse Fate?

Cast out forlorn from Hope's estate
 I care not what becomes of me.
 Say art thou now disconsolate?

If so, come back and be my mate
 Eternally—Eternally!
 O daughter of a perverse Fate,
 Say art thou now disconsolate?

MISUNDERSTOOD

WHEN all around misunderstand
The worthy motive moving you,
Then God appears and takes your hand.

Past, present, both are bitter and
The Future has a ghostly hue,
When all around misunderstand.

When all you purely did and planned
You see blind ignorance undo,
Then God appears and takes your hand.

In vain you threaten and command
Vague shapeless horrors from your view,
When all around misunderstand.

When ashes and the barren sand
Between your aching teeth you chew,
Then God appears and takes your hand.

This is the secret that the band
Of highest lives through sorrow knew,
When all around misunderstand
Then God appears and takes your hand.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG

“**W**HEN I was young,” old Christmas said,
 “And o’er the earth began to tread,
 The tears of Pan fell on the snow,
 And turned to seeds of mistletoe,
 When I was young.”

“With bleeding limbs the Dryads fled
 From out the woods, and berries red
 On holly bush began to grow,
 When I was young.”

“And then a strange report was spread,—
 That laughing Cupid’s curl-crowned head
 Should in my presence be bent low,
 That I would break his pagan bow;—
 I took him for my friend instead,
 When I was young.”

I SING, HURRAH!

I SING, Hurrah! for this bright lot,
Shakespeare and Byron, Burns and Scott,
Four men to whom the good luck fell,
To look at Heaven and laugh at Hell,
I sing, Hurrah!

They did not care a single jot
For unessentials, and they got
The joy that comes from work done well,
I sing, Hurrah!

They sang of Truth and for it fought,
"The Truth," they cried, "the Truth or naught,"
In voice as clear as silver bell,
A voice that casts o'er men a spell
And lifts them up to it's high thought;
I sing, Hurrah!

THE BITTER CUP

THE bitter cup, if it be mine
 To drink, and leave the fragrant wine
 Untasted, Lord then make me strong
 To drink it, as mine ears a song,
 The bitter cup.

Think not I murmur nor repine,
 Because I pray as He did, Thine,
 "Let it pass from me without wrong,
 The bitter cup."

Well, well I know the crystal line
 Of highest lives drank it for sign
 Of freedom from the fears that throng
 Round us, while we to Time belong;
 They drained its dregs, nor did decline
 The bitter cup.

THE MEANEST MAN

THE meanest man that ever trod
This great, green, vast, law-governed sod,
Had thoughts in him as pure as snow
That mountain clouds embrace, although
The meanest man.

Pure thoughts, that neither need to nod
Nor blush before the gaze of God,
Tombbed in the lowest of things low,
The meanest man.

Not as a staff, but as a rod,
Thoughts came to drive him from the broad
Way unto everlasting woe—
That is the reason, would ye know,
They torture as a plague or prod,
The meanest man.

A COUNTRY LANE

A COUNTRY lane! What thoughts arise!
A boyhood's brief sweet Paradise,
A glimpse of Hope uncrowned by Fear,
A time when Heaven to earth seemed near,
A country lane!

Who has not watched with wistful eyes,
Unheedful of the cowherd's cries,
The clouds creep, crack, then lift and clear,
A country lane!

Who says that naught of solace lies
Within the thought of lanes, implies
That all is centered now and here,
That life is but a falling tear.
Shall Time seem to him when he dies
A country lane?

TO AN OLD TUNE

TO an old tune, a thought arose
Just now, upon the wind that blows
From out the lands, where fairies keep
The secrets of primeval sleep,
To an old tune.

A thought that takes me where it goes
To Love, that blossoms like a rose,
Beside the song of waters deep,
To an old tune.

A kindly thought to come, God knows,
When many troubles interpose,
And best laid plans have fall'n aheap,
O'er all it takes me at a leap.
Shall my life gently near its close
To an old tune?

AT MAIDEN LANE

AT Maiden Lane and Bedford Street,
 I've known a few good fellows meet,
 Who knew the wisdom of the heart,
 Why smiles arise and tear-drops start,
 At Maiden Lane.

I've felt the hand of friendship greet
 The weary brother, storm-beat,
 And bruised within the cruel mart,
 At Maiden Lane.

Indeed, my life were incomplete,
 I feel, had I not known the sweet
 Companionship, that soothed the smart
 Of many a buffet borne for art,
 While humbly following her feet,
 At Maiden Lane.

A ROLLING STONE

A ROLLING stone for many a day
Went bounding on its headlong way,
In wild chaotic aimless flight
It dashed along with all its might—
A rolling stone.

What started it? ah who can say?
For aught you know, good folk, it may
Be—mark you—an aërolite—
A rolling stone.

Nay, stop, I will not lead astray,
Just hush, for pity's sake I pray,
It fell from a far greater height,
It was a Man's heart with the right
Idea of life once—*ai de mé*,
A rolling stone.

THE WAY IS LONG

THE way is long, my brother, will
You not accept my hand until
We turn the rising bend, and so
Gain glimpse of the great sea although
The Way is long?

The way is long, my Lady, still
Your trembling heart I fain would fill
With dreams of Love that do not know
The Way is long.

The way is long, My Master, thrill
Me through with Truth again and kill
The hypocrite in me, too low
For words—forgive me, Master—Oh,
I pray you help me o'er this hill,
The Way is long.

HER WEDDING GOWN

HER wedding gown I oft have thought,
Should by the woman's hands be wrought,
Who in Supreme Surrender dares
To trust her all, and proudly wears
Her wedding gown.

Each stitch a thread of Hope, made taut
With some divine sweet-lover's knot,
And silver fancies too it bears,
Her wedding gown.

For either this shall be its lot,—
White emblem of the peace that ought
To crown the Love that conquers cares,
Or, bitter thought, as oft it fares,
The winding-sheet of Faith, I wot
Her wedding gown.

HER OVERSHOES

HER overshoes when down the rain,
 Comes pit-a-pat on a window pane,
 She thinks but little of no doubt,
 What use if she's not going out
 Her overshoes?

But when the streets are like a drain
 And out she must, why she is fain
 To find, as she looks roundabout,
 Her overshoes.

And do you know I think it gain,
 And try to make her see it plain,
 That Fate may frolic, frown, or pout,
 To all my heart shall give the flout,
 If I shall be through Life's long lane
 Her overshoes.

HER PETTICOAT

HER petticoat from what I see
Beneath her skirt, caught to her knee
For just a breathless moment's space,
Is made of billowy silk and lace,
Her petticoat!

A soft diaph'nous drapery,
Of ample width to leave her free,
To step forth with Diana's grace,
Her petticoat.

Were I a poet, ah, dear me!
Perchance I'd find a simile
In that which doth her limbs incase
To foam, such as did Venus' place
Adorn, when she arose in glee—
Her petticoat.

HER PARASOL

HER parasol with handle rare,
 Of Dresden's daintiest earthenware,
 She fingers as an Aaron's rod,
 Ah, but it is with iron shod

Her parasol.

Now like a rose-cloud of thin air,
 To shade her face from the fierce glare,
 Of Sol—the ancient Pagan's god

Her parasol.

Dear me! if I could take the care
 Of her, as it does—and could spare
 Her Soul from—Nonsense, I have trod
 The way into the land of nod,
 And find myself when I am there

Her parasol.

HER LITTLE HAT

HER little hat sits on her head,
Made up of birds and flowers that wed,
Her dusky dream-lit paradise
Of hair, that holds in sweet surprise
Her little hat.

Though she on Fashion's food is fed—
My Lady—and by that nurse led
Who masquerades in this last guise,
Her little hat.

Heaven save the mark! since Cupid sped
An arrow to a man's heart red
With blood, he would but lightly prize
The sounds and odors that arise
From Eden, but would choose instead,
Her little hat.

HER SMALL KID GLOVE

HER small kid glove lay on her hand
 As if it seemed to understand
 The precious jewels it covered o'er
 Dug from the waiting earth's warm core,
 Her small kid glove.

It pressed what once my heart had planned
 To press, but failed, being over-manned
 With fears—now all it can adore,
 Her small kid glove.

One day from out a distant land
 An angel-suitor, with a wand
 Of sunlight, beckoned her to soar
 And drop her body, as of yore
 She dropped upon the summer sand
 Her small kid glove.

IN BEAUTY'S NAME

IN Beauty's name the Truth was told
By artists in the days of old,
Then hearts were lifted and made free
And fearless as the open sea,
That none can tame.

Now men in times of strife for gold,
With eyes grown heavy, hearts grown cold,
Forget how they gained Liberty
In Beauty's name.

Shall I be counted overbold,
Who pour my thoughts into the mould
Of simple rhymes? If, tremblingly,
I dare to speak of harmony,
And bid men's eyes to Truth unfold
In Beauty's name?

**FAIR WOMEN AND
BRAVE MEN**



FAIR WOMEN AND BRAVE MEN

TO MRS. H. F. McC.



MY REED of song I know is far too
small
On which to carve her name, but
may it be
A sylvan flute to the old Pan in me,
Through which my inmost longings
one and all

Are piped in praise and so made musical,
In praise of her who is star melody,
Even as she is the star of Sympathy
From which delicious rays of comfort fall.
And though my notes grow faint before they gain
The golden hush of her high holy place,
Away beyond my galaxy of Dreams,
I know my gracious Star will not refrain
From shedding on me understanding's grace
Nor hide her comprehending heart-warm beams.

SHAKESPEARE

THE blind bard eloquent of Colophon,
The foremost singer of the Epic Song,
Is like a river on whose breast the strong
Young Gods and Heroes sport with Leda's Swan.
The Florentine, Hell's fires and Heaven's dawn
Wove into words that to all time belong,
And like a star shines, piercing depths of wrong,
A mist of pity round its radiance drawn.
But Shakespeare, Man, what shall we say thou art,
An ocean into which all rivers flow,
Reflecting all the Stars that gleam or glow,
The conch-shell on its shore—a Human Heart.
Ah! Idle words we only know Sweet Sage,
The breath of Being fills thy careless page.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

HAIL, matchless maker of rich rhythmic thought,
Whose ear has listened to the gray-lipped
sea,

And caught its mighty pulsing melody,
And learned its subtle secrets, safely brought
From days when Sophocles and Sappho wrought,
From vine-crowned days, when laughing joyously
The Soul discerned the Body's symmetry,
And Beauty was the blessing all men sought.
Ah, but the voice of Villon, too, you heard,
And all the singers of his after time,
When sigh on sigh smiled into rippling rhyme,
Spontaneous as the music of a bird;
Then taught thereat, you sang as you best can,
The pain and pleasure, hope and scope of man.

EDWIN BOOTH

“**N**O man bears sorrow better,” so he spoke
One night, when for a noble solemn space,
The soul of Brutus lay upon his face;
And at his voice the sleeping Past awoke,
And, for he never passed beneath the yoke
Of self, in home life, or in public place,
These words seem like an epitaph of grace,
Carved on Ygdrasil, Time’s symbolic oak.
Where does his message point, oh, brothers mine,
Who sometimes see beyond the prison bars
Of Fate, the gleaming of immortal stars
Of Truth still through the night of waiting shine?
In reverence, bending low with bated breath,
The answer takes us back to Nazareth.

MARY ANDERSON

WE give you thanks because you paint with light
The high lights of existence, these the pure
Who, tried by tempting Time, withstand
sin's lure

And lash, and at the end are found upright;

Hermione and Perdita and bright

Blythe Rosalind and Juliet can cure

Care-wound hearts that weep, and lift them sure

To mountain tops of Hope, where Love's in sight.

Let others paint but shadows if they will,

The shadows sin casts on their paltry life;

You, and you must, can take us over strife

To Peace, that passeth understanding still,

Can take us to a land of clearer air,

Where even Duty's hard face seemeth fair.

ELLEN TERRY

FAIR follower of the feet of Fancy, clad
In clinging robes of ample antique grace,
Dear dreamer of the Future's human face,
Whose eyes now dashed with gracious tears, now glad
With Love's own light, are never wholly sad;
For well have they discerned, past Time and Space,
And all the finite phantoms that men chase,
A goal, where good shall triumph over bad!
True artist in the all embracing art,
Wherein the vitalest of minds have wrought,
Sweet spendthrift of the knowledge genius
brought—
The inner workings of the human heart;—
How shall I praise thee without conscious blame?
By saying, Life is coupled with thy name?

JULIA MARLOW

A NEST of smiles inbloom beneath the eaves
 Of Truth; the love blood of the roses red
 And white at last; in joyous rapture wed
 And blossoming in Beauty budding leaves
 Of heart-warm Hopes, the garland Life achieves
 When fair desires by Faith are perfected;
 Compassion, tender as the green tears shed
 By Dawn awaking in a field of sheaves;
 A breath of Spring as from a wind that blew
 Across eternal Youth's Utopian sea,
 And moments when the Soul came shining through
 Like polar lights of Immortality;
 But best of all a woman clothed in power
 More fair than aught when Knighthood was in
 Flower!

ADA REHAN

AS fresh as Dawn, arrayed in grey and gold,
When tripping lightly o'er a mobile sea,
As calm as Dusk, dream-laden, silently
Enticing weary minds into her fold;
So is that art of thine by Love made bold,
Upholding Life's best mirror, for the free
To gaze on and see there—Humanity,
The same at heart e'en now as 'twas of old.
Yet still behind the art stands strong and clear,
A gracious, tender personality,
A winning smile of sweet simplicity,
An open-handed heart that offers cheer,
A soul, a something, I may not define,
And yet that "*something*," lady, we call thine.

MAUDE ADAMS

THE calm caressing hand of finished art
 Lifted the latch of Childhood's golden gate,
 And let me look in wonder at the great
 Sun-rimmed horizon of Youth's trusting heart;
 Revealed the fountain-head where tears upstart
 To bathe the brows of weary world-worn fate;
 And then unveiled the smiles that compensate
 For sin and sorrow's frown and every smart.
 To find a fitting word to speak the praise
 Of her, the fair magician of the dawn
 Of life, again and yet again I tried
 And found it not, although my glad heart says,
 "Now I have seen, in joy I can toil on,
 Imagination is personified".

MADAM NAZIMOVA

HER reaching Throat, her supplicating Hands
And Dawn; these, these I saw, then felt
that all

The purple robes of Passion, and the thrall
Of instincts older than Mankind, and bands
Begotten in the ooze of Time ere lands

Took shape, from off a soul began to fall,
Because that Soul had heard the quick'ning call
Of Love that unifies and understands.

Aching to make my peace with the wide eyes
Of my drowned Youth, there came like flashing
wands

To me a sense of Joy, such as a Soul
Unearthed may feel on seeing Paradise;

For Beauty smiled on me and made me whole—
But oh, my God! her supplicating hands!

HENRIETTA CROSSMAN

THE wings of Cupid feathered to a dart
Of wit; the joy of Youth with twinkling feet
In mischief dancing down dame Rumor's
street
To scatter April blossoms in a mart;
The blush of Nature on the cheeks of Art,
The music heard where dreams and mem'ries meet,
And yet withal distinct and subtly sweet
The hint of Autumn's sadness at Spring's heart;
A sense of rest in work completely done,
An atmosphere to breathe in fearlessly,
A dimpled nest of laughter and delight,
A ripened pleasure basking in the sun
Of comprehensive human sympathy,
A new found facet of the Infinite!

A BROTHER ARTIST

ABOVE all vain desirings greatly calm,
 Brother, your life towers visible to men,
 Self-centered in the truth of things, again

A noble soul by silence scatters sham—

Yea, in your shadow falls a dewy balm

For those who can escape the prison pen

Of self, who can, when Truth speaks, say,

"Amen,"

And hear, as you have heard, great Nature's psalm.

Doubtless your heart has drunk the bitter cup,

When what was best you saw discredited,

And laurels placed upon the worthless head,

And heard the voice of folly lifted up;

Natheless you shunned the plaudit-loving school,

And wooed with winning voice, the Beautiful.

MADONNA MIA

I CLOSE my eyes and see you as you were,
Madonna of the dead rose-colored days,
A stately lily looming through a haze
Of golden light, a fane where Dreams confer
The Spring-songs of all ages for a prayer
To Beauty; Nay, an undulating blaze
Of flower-foam on the sun-paved waving ways
Of Thought vouchsafed a young Truth worshipper.
And thinking of you thus, I lift the lid
Of memory, beholding the embalmed
Pale mummy of first Love, with tender eyes
I smile a moment knowing what Fate did
And left undone before you were becalmed
Beneath another man's more ample skies.

ANNA

BEYOND the girdle of our galaxy,
At vital Beauty's absolute behest,
My Soul set sail upon a solemn quest
Across the silence that must ever be
'Twixt known and unknown, with an earnest plea,
That Fate might let it face and bravely breast
The void between Time's system and the Blest
On starry shores washed by a rose-foamed sea.
The crowning Verity my Spirit found,
A wand'ring angel singing, it is true,
From song on sunbeams writ in notes of dew—
Might chronicle in satisfying sound;
Was it not you my own, Love's living heart,
Nature's epitome, Truth's counterpart.

TO ANNA

BEHOLD here is the land where lost Desires
 Are met again in all their pristine glow,
 Fair-faced and fabulously white—as snow
 O'er which the light of borealis fires
 A moment blushes and in joy expires—
 The lost Desires of youth, that long ago
 My heart ached after for it loved them so,
 Now found here in the land where Spring's voice quires
 A melody to Love, the All Supreme,
 To Love, the Master-maker of all song,
 To Love, the God of Peace and every grace;
 And do you know—you Flower of Beauty's dream,
 My lost Desires that I had loved so long
 I find within the garden of your face.

MRS. I. N. M.

YOUNG Summer passing with the smile of
Spring
Flashed unexpected on my lonely way,
And left me awed and tactless to array
My thoughts and give my feeble words free wing.
Yet I would fain, though dumbly, send something
Of praise up to that Lady's soul, and pray
That she will think, as well indeed she may,
I thank her for the thoughts I cannot sing:
Thoughts, warm as peonies that perfume noon
With clinging sweetness in sun-crowned July,
Thoughts, free as fairies dancing to a tune
Chimed from vale-lilies in a moon-lit sky,
But o'er all else and in the foremost place,
A noble thought that somehow wears her face.

TO MY SON'S MOTHER

IF I could take the holy words of men,
Such words as Light and Life and Love and Death,
And melt them into one melodious breath,
Then tenderly in some sweet Nazareth
Of Silence bring it forth a song—why then
I might repeat what my heart hears again
And yet again in fainting moments, when
Her hand to mine unworthy whispereth.
It cannot be, it cannot be I know,
Yet of her Spirit-wine I would that all
Who need might drink, and take the road that leads
Up to the mountain-tops where virgin snow
Keeps warm the lost Ideal—God, how small
To blazon her nobility—my Deeds——.

AN ACROSTIC

WITH singing hearts we greet again the day
Immortalized forever by thy name,
Life-deep in thoughts of thee, it is our shame
Love finds no phrase wherein to fit thy Fame,
So Godlike that we turn to thee and pray.
Has Earth yet seen a man more human? Nay,
All claim, or high or low or grave or gay,
Kinship with thee, our brother in Life's game.
Stand then as Beauty's Prophet and High Priest,
Pervading us with Sweetness and with Light,
Enthralling us with Mirthfulness and Might,
And as thou chantest at Springs flowery gate,
Replenish us, when overcome by Fate,
Entirely at Love's sacramental feast.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY

U PON the *Sancta Scalla* of the years,
I hear the rustling garments of the Spring,
And from the earth there comes a
whispering,
That even now breaks into lusty cheers,
Full-throated choruses that drown the fears
Of man's mortality, and gaily swing
Our souls to Beauty's lap rejoicing,
Till Nature's face itself is glad with tears.
For this is Shakespeare's birthday, he who found
The key that opens wide the gates that guard
The many mansions of the Human Heart;
The inexhaustible Immortal Bard,
Who climbs forever round by golden round
The Heaven-scaling scaffolding of Art.

TO MARIE

HERE by the milestone of another year,
That marks the winding way your feet have
trod,
Thoughts will arise and questions to your God,
Why this was so, why that was not made clear,
Why patience was rewarded with a tear,
Why everywhere derision stalks abroad,
Why high endeavor scarce can get a nod
From recognition, and no word of cheer.
From out the wine-press of experience,
A goblet of the blood-red wine of pain
I drink to you again, and yet again,
And bid you hope, and find a certain sense
Of joy in conquered Self, and endless strife
And gallant bearing in the war of Life.

WHEN THE MOTHER PASSED

A CROSS the din and smoke of this dim spot,
I send a voice that vain would reach your
ear,
A voice that fain would melt into a tear,
And drop like dew into your heart, and blot
Quite out the grief that now must be your lot,
As silently you kneel beside the bier
Of her who now has done with yearn or year,
And knows the things that are, aye, and are not.
But in the presence of the conqu'ring Calm,
Has not a dawn-robed Hope already come,
And dropped a thought into your mind, in some
Mysterious way, a satisfying balm,
A thought that silently doth seem to say,
"Death is but Birth, Night cometh before Day" ?

TO A LITTLE GIRL

I THINK of thee, and at the chariot wheels
Of Dawn, I see a palpitating host
Of poets' Dreams in golden chains, whose boast
Of fabled beauty fades as each one steals
A furtive glance and in obeisance kneels
To thee, their Queen, upon the vernal coast
Of Harmony enthroned; to thee the most
Alluring Joy Divinity reveals
To me on earth; to thee the only one
Flame-lily blooming in the midnight skies
Of Peace; to thee the mouth of Hope, the breath
Of Faith, the heart of Charity; ah none
Like unto Madge this side that Paradise
That lies beyond the pallid gates of Death.

TO ANOTHER LITTLE GIRL

IF by some psychic alchemy I might
 Distil the wood-notes of an unblown Spring
 Into a perfect word, I then might sing
Of that delicious vision of delight,
With silver mist and lily-buds bedight,
 That seems from out a pale green East to bring
 An apple-leaf of Love for offering,
Whene're my thoughts, Catherine, have you in sight.
Alas! Alack! with this crude utterance
 Alone can I express my thanks for those
 Divine suggestions of the Infinite
You shed like April-blossoms in a dance
 Of sunbeams on my mind; Ah well, who knows,
 Perhaps you will translate my heart a-right.

TO MY BOY

DONALD, my son, you know you bear a name
 Derived from an old Gaelic root, 'tis said;
 It means The Chief, The Leader, or The
 Head;

Live up to it, prepared for praise or blame,
 Be still the Chief in Life's enthralling game,
 Who lifts and comforts the discomfited,
 Who leads with honor all who can be led
 Along the straight and narrow path to Fame.
 Yea, as you are my heart's chief hope and pride,
 Free, fearless, and forgiving, staunch and true,
 I pray Almighty God to grant that you
 Be nothing less to others; and be blessed
 Remembr'ing in the days when sorely tried,
 Virtutis Gloria Merces, on your crest

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE spirit of a nation young and strong
Became incarnate, and behold a man
Who heard his fearless heart-beats say,
"I can,"

As cowboy-like he threw a lariat thong
Of Love around the horns of Fate, ere long
Thus rounding up our hearts into his plan,
Of marching ever in the foremost van
Of Freedom, singing brotherhood's blythe song.
So year by year we follow his large stride
In his heroic winning of a world,
And catch faint glimpses of that Eastertide
When everywhere Love's flag will be unfurled,
Yea hear his name still ringing in Time's school,
While strength is god-like and youth beautiful.

TO A. J. B.

UPON her faultless lips I hear my name
For one sweet recompensing moment, and
I feel along my arm her little hand,
And forest dreams and mysteries like flame
Burn in my heart deliciously the same
As when we were two singers in a band
Of rebel dryads, she and I, who planned
Great conquests in the world of men! Well, Fame
Has dipped his pen into the Sun and writ
Upon the green page of the world, for all
To read, My Lady's name, and as for me—
It is enough that on her lips I see
My name. Enough? It is as exquisite,
As it is comforting and virginal.

ON MARGARET ROBERTSON'S PORTRAIT

I STAND before the wisdom of your smile,
To feel my heart lay down a heavy load
Of grim anxieties, and take the road
With Hope again, although red mile on mile
Of Flame and Sword raise angry arms to pile
The patient earth with carnage; yet that code
Of sunny faith in which your soul abode,
Has strengthened mine to feel whatever wile
Or woe the monstrous days now bring our land,
However bruised her fair unbended head,
She shall surmount at last right gloriously,
And, hatched beneath the wings of Victory,
Peace shall come forth and offer a right hand
And smile, like yours, to the discomfited.

ARAB

I LOVE you, with a passion woven out
Of memories of fragrant purple nights,
And subtle ecstasies and pale delights
That hovered 'twixt the eyes of Hope and Doubt;
I love you, with a spirit wrapped about
With haunting shreds of ancient sounds and sights
From when God set this Universe to rights,
And Darkness by the Dawn was put to rout.
I love you proudly, with a living Faith
In your high destiny to cross the sands
Of Time, singing your song, an honored guest
And blythe Joy-bringer to the troubled breast
Of Man, but in my tent I pray, when Death
Says, "Come," your hands will clasp in love my
hands.



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